

The Citizen

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Philadelphia, January, 1898.

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The Citizen

Vol. III. January, 1898. No. 11

The office of THE CITIZEN is at 111 South Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CITIZEN is published on the first day of each month, by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE CITIZEN.

Remittances by check or postal money order should be made payable to Frederick B. Miles, Treasurer.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

THE CITIZEN is on sale in Philadelphia,—111 S. 15th street, the Central News Co. and its agents, Wanamaker's, and Jacobs's, 103 S. 15th street; New York, Brentano's, 31 Union Square; Washington, Brentano's, 1015 Pennsylvania avenue.

Entered, Philadelphia Post-office, as second-class matter.

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Life and Education.

THE recent convention of the educators of the Middle States at Poughkeepsie readily affords a criterion of some features of the present trend of public education. The convention was marked by the large and increasing representation of high-school men, who made it clear that they are directing their work more and more to prepare students for college, while on the other hand the college professors present recognized and welcomed the movement of the schools. No aspect of present day education is of more significant or more hopeful import than this drawing together of high-schools and colleges. Surely, when the public schools shall foster the desire and prepare the way for the higher education, and the colleges shall recognize the capabilities and resources of the schools of the people, we may hope for some long steps toward a more rational co-ordination of studies and notable economy of time and effort.

Professor Sharpless, of Haverford College, in one branch of the discussion on this question attempted to define the sphere of the small college at this time when the interest in higher education largely centres in the phenomenal growth and activity of the universities. He maintained that the small college should abandon the attempt to follow the university in its standards of admission and methods of instruction and administration, that it should gradually differentiate itself and form a definite part of our educational system. He called attention to the very pertinent fact that while at every previous convention of the association college and university men have insisted upon a decrease of the age at which pupils are prepared for academic work, and while there is much public criticism of the system which delays entrance upon business or professional life until an age thought by the critics to be too advanced, the recent changes in college entrance requirements have been such as to induce a number of leading preparatory schools to add a year to their courses of study. That the small colleges have a distinct mission is undoubted. They stand for the personality of the teacher as against the reality of the great buildings, libraries, laboratories of the universities. They have their dan-

gers of provincial and sectarian narrowness, but they are sources of light at the very doors of the communities in which they stand, for the loss of which no distant light, however powerful, would compensate. Manned by university trained men, the small college need not stagnate, need not teach discredited theories. Endowed with the advantages of healthful location and a system of living in common, it offers opportunities for the cultivation of manly virtues and the affections of brotherhood which are apt to be lacking in the great universities of cities. The position of these latter in respect to the technical professions is undisputed. That the small college can afford equally good training in preparation for the general activities of life is likewise indisputable. The differentiation of the methods and curriculum of the small college, that it may attain its real scope, is, however, essential to the success of its mission.

ANY party-system that depends for its existence upon what has been called the cohesive power of public plunder must see that its very existence is at stake when confronted with a merit system that secures permanence of office to the public servants. Could New York have kept Tammany from the public coffers for five years longer, Tammany Hall would have been ruined, and its administration discredited with its own supporters. The political boss who rules a State with contracts, employment, money at his command, knows that his occupation is gone the moment the basis of supplies is taken from him. There was, therefore, in the recent New York election a struggle for very life on the part of the machines. There is an equal fierceness to be looked for in the present attitude towards the civil service law of politicians of the stamp and under the leadership of Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio. The attack now imminent on the civil service is one that calls for wide-spread protest. The merit system is not a partisan measure but a measure of necessary public protection, instituted by a Republican and developed by a Democratic president. But against its integral maintenance the worst elements of both parties seem to be coalescing. Fortunately at this crisis the most convincing evidence is forthcoming of the beneficial results of the operation of the act. The Postmaster-General reports that "the amount of mail handled has increased 77.2 per cent., while the working force has increased but 48.6 per cent., and the pieces of mail handled correctly to each error in distribution has increased from 3,694

to 11,960." The Secretary of Agriculture states that "the persons obtained by certification from the eligible list of the civil service, as a rule, have been more competent and efficient than those obtained before the force was brought within the classified service." The Commissioner of the census of 1890 gave it as his judgment that if the civil service qualifications had been required for clerks and collectors the country would have been saved two million dollars of the cost of the census. The annual message of President McKinley shows no disposition on his part to weaken the efficiency of this system, though he intimates a disposition to modify it in minor details. "The system has," the President says, "the approval of the people, and it will be my endeavor to uphold and extend it." That this attitude will tend to render Mr. McKinley unpopular with Congress, as Mr. Cleveland was, is nowise doubtful. It is the duty of the hour to strengthen his hand against the spoilsmen in support of the just and efficient administration of government.

DURING the past five months one of the most notable industrial struggles of the century has been in progress in the engineering trades of Great Britain. The contest began in a local strike organized by the Society of Amalgamated Engineers for the establishment of an eight-hour day in London, but it soon broadened into a national struggle between the Federation of Employers and the allied trades-unions of England. The costly contest must soon end in a compromise, for the resources of both sides are nearly exhausted after this battle royal on the industrial field. The original object of the strike, the eight-hour day, may not be realized immediately, but this great struggle will unquestionably hasten the general adoption of the shorter working day throughout the United Kingdom. Industrial history shows that such stubbornly contested strikes as that of the English engineers almost invariably issue in the temporary triumph of organized capital over organized labor. But if labor is contending for a reasonable and proper object the triumph of capital is usually brief, for the laborer recovers rapidly from defeat and is ready for renewed attack before the capitalist can repair his losses and rally his forces for defence. Thus the eight-hour day which may now be withheld at tremendous cost to the employers is likely to be quietly conceded later to avoid another struggle more disastrous to the masters than to the men. For in this case the chief end sought by the workmen is reasonable and

proper, and the forces of civilization fight with them for increased leisure to satisfy their intellectual and social wants. One effect of this strike has been very forcibly pointed out by Dr. Albert Shaw; namely, the sudden accession of many thoughtful men to the ranks of the advocates of compulsory arbitration. "Great Britain," says Dr. Shaw, "has such vast interests at stake that these protracted strikes, affecting the fundamental industries of the nation, cannot be forever endured. Compulsory arbitration, objectionable on very many accounts, as it must be, would not involve as far-reaching an interference with traditional property rights as was involved in the Irish Land Acts. With all its supposed conservatism, British public opinion is capable of very resolute and decisive action. If, therefore, a strong measure providing for industrial arbitration under government auspices, should be brought forward in the House of Commons at an early day, its success would not be surprising."

RECENT despatches announce the publication of the Pope's decision in the long-vexed and still-vexed Manitoba school question. The dispute arose, it will be remembered, because of the school act of 1890 of the Manitoba legislature, which confined provincial aid and provincial school taxes to schools of the public system of education, which were by that act made non-denominational. A large number of Roman Catholic schools were closed for lack of money to sustain them, and the Roman Catholic population raised an outcry of oppression that was zealously taken up by their brethren in Quebec and Ontario. A strenuous effort was made to have the act disallowed by the Dominion government, and when that failed a still more strenuous endeavor was made before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain, as the supreme legal tribunal of the empire, to have the act declared unconstitutional, as withdrawing from Roman Catholics, it was alleged, rights that formed an integral part of the compact under which the province of Manitoba was created. The Privy Council declared the law constitutional, but admitted under the act of union the right of any minority having a grievance to appeal to the Dominion government for redress. The attempt of the late Conservative government of the Dominion to afford redress by forcing Manitoba to restore a system of Catholic schools wrecked the Conservative party of Canada, which had been slowly disintegrating since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. In the general elec-

tion that succeeded the attempt to pass the Coercion bill, the Liberal party achieved a sweeping victory under the leadership of Mr. Laurier, who promised to Protestants no coercion, and to Roman Catholics better terms by conciliation with the Liberal government of Manitoba than they could get by the drastic measures of parliamentary coercion that had been attempted by his opponents. These terms, —largely a compromise in character, by which opportunity was afforded for religious instruction and the appointment of Roman Catholic teachers for school populations of that denomination, but without surrendering the essential features of the provincial public school system, —were obtained by a conference of the Dominion and Manitoba governments. The question was settled, schools were re-opened, Roman Catholic children have returned for instruction. On the eve, however, of the compromise there arrived from Rome, Monsig. Merry del Val, sent by the Pope on the invitation of individual Catholics, chiefly Liberals in politics, commissioned to examine and report on the whole difficulty. The Pope's decision on the report of that wonderfully able and astute legate is just made known. It is declared that the terms of compromise are unacceptable to his Holiness, who, as ever, opposes neutral schools, and calls upon Roman Catholics to continue to agitate for all their claims, without refusing, however, the half-loaf when the full one is withheld. Failing due guarantee of Roman Catholic instruction in the public schools, Roman Catholics are directed to provide for schools of their own under supervision of their bishops. It is almost absolutely certain that the effect of the Pope's encyclical upon the present situation will be null. The Conservative party is sick of the Manitoba question and is at heart opposed to coercion, the Liberal government is pledged to non-coercion and the terms of the compromise, the government of Manitoba is supported by four-fifths of the people of that province, and Quebec, where the agitation must gather head, is so entirely captivated by having a French Canadian and a Roman Catholic at the head of the government that it can scarcely be roused to action by all the efforts of all the bishops. Even if Quebec be roused, it cannot directly and effectively operate against Manitoba. The chief organ of the Liberal party remarks: "The situation is not in the slightest degree altered by the encyclical, and the prospect of federal legislation is as remote as ever!" All who believe in the advantage of national solidarity and a unified system of public education will see that a distinct gain for humanity has resulted from this long struggle now reaching its long-drawn conclusion.

Walter Pater.

AN APPRECIATION.

"Nor had Marius ever seen the pontifical character, as he conceived it—*sicut unguentum in capite, descendens in oram vestimenti*—so fully realized, as in the expression, the manner and voice of this novel pontiff, as he took his seat on the white chair placed for him by the young men, and received his long staff into his hand, or moved his hands—hands which seemed endowed in very deed with some mysterious power—at the *Lavabo*, or at the various benediction, or to bless certain objects on the table before him, chanting in cadence of a grave sweetness the leading parts of the rite. What profound unction and mysticity! The solemn character of the singing was at its height when he opened his lips. Like some new sort of *rhapsôdos*, it was for the moment as if he alone possessed the words of the office, and they flowed anew from some permanent source of inspiration within him. The table or altar at which he presided, below a canopy on delicate spiral columns, was in fact the tomb of a youthful 'witness', of the family of the Cecili, who had shed his blood not many years before, and whose relics were still in this place. It was for his sake the bishop put his lips so often to the surface before him; the regretful memory of that death entwining itself, though not without certain notes of triumph, as a matter of special inward significance, throughout a service, which was, before all else, from first to last, a commemoration of the dead."

This paragraph from 'Marius, the Epicurean'—"the most highly finished of his works and the expression of his deepest thought," says Mr. Shadwell, his literary executor—is suggestive, as an example, of very much in Walter Pater's work that is most valuable and characteristic.

As the artistic or intellectual note of a special period in history may be caught, sometimes, most convincingly in the production of some single individual who embodies quintessentially the thought of his time, so the master-idea, as well as the peculiar flavor, of an author may be found, often, gathered up in one representative quotation. Emerson's theme and distinctive style, for instance, might be touched in a sentence from 'Self Reliance' or the 'Oversoul' that have the theme of which all his remaining works are but variations; Arnold's subject by a page from 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.' The peculiar genius not only of Pope, or Goethe, but of the whole eighteenth, or nineteenth century, is immanent in a few well-chosen lines from the 'Dunciad' or 'Faust.' Illustrative criticism of this sort does not, of course, aim at exhaustive analysis; it is sugges-

tive merely, with a view to the appreciation of an author's more salient excellences, and the worth of his particular thought and manner.

In the cited paragraph, then, Marius has found his way at last, under the guidance of his friend Cornelius, into the domestic sanctuary of a Christian family, the Cecili, to a gathering of the early church, heretofore long accustomed to celebrate a subterranean mass in secret caves and catacombs. It is not difficult to fancy Pater himself, the third century toga of Marius disguising so lightly his own inner personality, tasting, with a subdued and speculative delight, the full savor of the scene. For he is an Epicurean himself—a convinced lover of pleasure. But he is an Epicurean of an especial kind, aiming initially—indeed almost entirely—at that high joy to be obtained alone through an adequate comprehension of beauty. So, first of all, he is an aesthete, and the chief value of his works is an æsthetic value. Yet, as his epicureanism is of a characteristic sort, so he is an aesthete of unusual quality, scholarly and virile. His valuation of moments of art and life is critical and ascetic. To see things as they really are—the critic's office—but above that to enjoy them to the utmost when once apperceived—that is his credo. What rare pleasure, he asks, can we obtain from a special moment of experience or intellectual inspiration, from some old picture, or sonnet, or song? How can we most fully recognize the value of this flavor, single it out for the discriminate impression which nothing else can give us in just the same way, and make it serve as a means of intellectual advancement and culture—that higher culture, keen and rational appreciation—of which literature is the handmaiden? this is his note, alike in philosophy,—the speculative theory of life, and in art,—the actual and beautiful exposition of it. For that, especially, his work is worth while; since it helps us towards his own high level of critical appreciation, reaching at its best a real æsthetic intuition. In this way his writing possesses much of that essentially highest attribute of poetry—that quality of a critical appreciation of beauty in life. And it has, as well, that other so necessary poetic condition, an ideal atmosphere, the subtle admixture derived from a masterful choice of his subjects, and a really adequate style. For, like Plato, he is always literary. His instrument never breaks down. His writing, all of it, is characterized by a sustained, even perfection—the quality of consummate art; like the chryselephantine work of the Greeks of whom he was so fond, wrought with infinite pains in ivory and gold. It is, too, very notable in an age of rapid impressions and hurried effect—this elaborate care which esteems no detail too small for deliberate perfec-

tion, and no protracted time wasted in its accomplishment. He chooses, at all times, to say that little which he can express adequately, to the approval of his own artistic conscience, and, for this very reason, imposes upon himself a necessary limitation. In consequence he is rarely illuminative or replete with transcendent suggestiveness. One would look in vain for the gleam of a certain sort of supernal intelligence. Yet it must be remembered that that perfection which he achieved in the task which he set himself should be the criterion of judgment, not those other merits which he never tried to attain.

He is, then, doubly valuable, as an aid to the estimation of those excellences in art and experience to which the best of us are so often blind; and in his own handiwork as an actual instance of artistic beauty, perfected, primarily, for the sake of its own fitness and loveliness—by reason of that two-fold poetic quality of his, selective appreciation of beauty, and the interpretation of it, beautiful in its own proper form, providing thus in his manner alone a definite satisfaction.

But what are some of those virtues which give him a distinctive import and which constitute his peculiar literary flavor? The quotation above, from 'Marius,' contains a number of them,—notably the quite characteristic atmosphere that is shed over all his work—an atmosphere important in giving that quality of idealization. And perhaps the most striking element is obtained in a quaint method of coming to the subject always as though it were in the immensely distant past, with the glow of reflective imagination upon it—the effect of far-off lightning playing behind summer storm-clouds already long gone by—the atmosphere of "they are gone; aye, ages long ago" of the last lines of 'St. Agnes' Eve.' Yet, to be sure, this fondness for the past is sometimes, perhaps too often, carried to a limit, emerging in a love of things purely mortuary—of dedicatory rites, of the faint sweet odor of withered flowers upon decorated tombs. For Marius's subdued pleasure in religious ceremonial, especially that "which was, before all else, from first to last, a commemoration of the dead," is shared to its full extent by his creator. And, it must be confessed, this macabre taste verges, at times, upon the faintly ludicrous, like that solemn ejaculation of the operatic Romeo in the tomb, "Salut, palais splendide et radieux!" One is reminded of the accepted classic tradition of the Stoics—the aptitude for dwelling too often and too seriously upon the thought of death; and of Moore's remarkable young man, followed everywhere by the haunting shadow of the tomb and the soft-footed innumerable army of the dead. Yet were it not for such noticeable instances

as 'Duke Carl of Rosemold' and the semi-biographical 'Child in the House' one would suppose, in 'Marius' at any rate, that this effect were merely to reproduce the exact tint of the Roman religion still permeated with archaic ancestor worship, and whose rites were so largely a veneration of dead progenitors.

He shows here, also, the flourish of scholarship which imparts a pleasurable air of elegance and fine linen, a certain academic relish. Yet the academic manner, too, is a little overdone at times, when he comes to his point, like the pilgrims in 'Gaston de Latour' to the Church of Our Lady of Chartres, with such "immense prelude and preparation." For the excerpt from 'Marius' shows his faults as well, and these, as in all writers of marked individuality, are sufficiently obvious, and, curiously enough in his case, largely those of style. So admirable, as a rule, so much the fond master, the jealous lover of words, and of subtle musical distinctions in them, he errs, sometimes, through very excess of care. Real simplicity in diction is an excellence to which he seldom attains. 'Plato and Platonism,' superlative in many ways, loses a very appreciable fraction of its effectiveness in not following more closely the divine lucidity of the great philosopher. Page-long sentences, wonderful mosaics of words, full of dashes, and quaint uses of "as," or curious ellipses—sentences which leave one at the end not over-confident of the connection with the words at the beginning, convey a sense of turgidness which a careful re-reading will not always dispel. He lacks here, it would seem, the cutting away of elaborate superfluities and mere decoration, which he tells us so often is such an essential of good art. A little out of patience, though infrequently to be sure, one is tempted to quote the celebrated mot of Socrates about the writing of Heraclitus,—"Noble is that which I understand, and that which I do not understand may be as noble, but the strength of the Delian diver is needed to swim through it."

And he is often too delicate, too enamored of his manner for its own sake. "What profound unction and mysticity!" he comments on the early Christian ceremonial. This phrase, of course, is telling and felicitous, but there is very nearly a suggestion of humor in that rare word, "mysticity." What keen delight he takes in coquetting with his conclusions, and, as our own Henry James, walking on egg-shells, tripping so delicately among devious mazes, extracting from his own words, here the last nuance, there delighting in some refined archaism. And those marvelous sentences, pyramids poised so daintily upon their apices, elaborate structures which the least touch will topple about our ears!

But this is ungracious, for we owe indeed a great debt to Pater. His prose has many of the merits, so infrequent in English, of the French prose—those capacities for refinement in light and shade. We know, all of us, the puissance of English poetry; he points to that which might be attained in a certain development of English prose. He is gifted, besides, with that rare sense of both the color value and the architectural value of words—the aptitude for beautiful tints in conjunction with a nice eye for poise and proportion. His ideal, in analogy, is the well-balanced structure, ornate with delicate carvings and colors. For self-restraint in art is a theme upon which he has dwelt very often and very well. "Ascesis" is a favorite word; one feels frequently, indeed, that he has it ever in mind, most of all, perhaps, when it is in fact absent. "Self-restraint, a skillful economy of means, ascesis, that too has a beauty of its own," he comments on style. And the admirable way in which this note of self-restraint is brought out is sufficient, alone, to evoke a cultured gratitude. And, after all, quite aside from, and in addition to the actual enjoyment, stimulating of course at the best, that an author gives, his chief contribution lies in some special thought which he, particularly, furnishes for us—a peculiar idea most strikingly and beautifully brought forth by his own individual manner. And in Pater, as has been said, the merit is notably of a poetic kind, and appeals, in the first place, to that estimate of life made by art and poetry. Pater is the exponent—in many ways the best and most complete exponent in modern English letters, of a general idea—that of the moment's extreme æsthetic value. As Wordsworth's is a transcendental note, that of Nature, and Browning's a dramatic theme, that of the Soul, Pater's motive is æsthetic, that of an Epicurean ascesis, or an ascetic Epicureanism—dwelling on the rational joy to be achieved in present moments of life, and in particular moments of art. And he is valuable, especially, for the reason that he helps us, so gracefully, to appreciate this point of view.

HENRY LANE ENO.

"I don't think any of the strongest effects our natures are susceptible of can ever be explained. We can neither detect the process by which they are arrived at, nor the mode in which they act on us. The greatest of painters only once painted a mysteriously divine child: he couldn't have told how he did it, and we can't tell why we feel it to be divine. I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can make no complete inventory of. Certain strains of music affect me so strangely—I can never hear them without their changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, I might be capable of heroisms."—George Eliot, *'The Mill on the Floss.'*

The Use of Historical Novels.

Historical Romance is as old as history itself, for it is the record of stage effects in history. The thrilling incidents, the striking scenes, which made a mark on the feelings of the crowd, found their way into the mouths of the ballad singers, and when altered and embellished by constant repetition, became Historical Romance. The actors in the dramas of which the ballads tell would perhaps hardly recognize their own doings, but all such stories owe their origin to a kernel of truth, and that a powerful truth, or they would not have survived. Historical romances show the picturesque view of events, and that will always be an active agent in the influence of history. People can train themselves to look for cause and effect, for the political and constitutional bearing of facts; but it is the scenic view which first strikes all who love history at all, and which acts even on those who profess to care nothing for its study. Historical romance is created by history and it makes history, for it moulds men's characters in early life. "Let me make a nation's ballads, and let who likes make its laws," was a true saying in days when legends enshrined in ballad form, reached every class, as the newspapers do now. The songs of Chevy Chase and Otterburn, with their vivid picture of "how a dead man won a fight, upon the lily lea," were no mean factors in keeping alive the fierce Border warfare, by exciting emulation and revenge. In the days of chivalry the legendary King Arthur and his knights, the remnant of early British history and mythology woven into romance, incited to noble deeds and knightly virtues; indeed, even down to our own day, Arthur's story, fresh modeled by a poet's hand, teaches great truths to the men of the nineteenth century, and forms a picture on which they love to dwell. Hugh Miller tells, how, in his childhood he was fired by the pages of Barbour's Bruce and Blind Harry's Wallace: both very different, no doubt, from the real heroes of whom they tell: yet in that romantic dress those heroes live and will live, as no mere fanciful creations, no accurate cold image could do. The mingling of the real and the ideal is what makes the charm and force of historical romance.

The days of ballad influence are virtually past; but the Historical Novel has risen instead and reigns supreme. During the last hundred years, the past of every country has been ransacked for picturesque figures and incidents, which have been transferred to the pages of a long line of authors from Walter Scott to Conan Doyle and Stanley Weyman. Opinion has changed since, at the outset of Scott's prose career, Jeffrey stated so positively that "neither

authentic history, nor political nor professional instruction can be rightly conveyed in a pleasant tale;" and the change is witnessed by the popularity and influence of the "problem novel," and the religious novel of to-day, not to speak of the influence on legal and social abuses of the novels of Reade and Dickens in their time. It is not, of course, however, for such educational reasons that every so-called historical novel is now so successful; it is rather because it has been discovered that "it lends importance to a fictitious narrative to connect it with real events", just as it has lately been found that to invest any trivial story with local color by means of a touch of dialect, is likely to make it sell. Hence we have seen arise one class of books, which, with a happy disregard of the development of manners, locate a modern love-story in ages when the whole system of marriage and the position of women forbade the possibility of modern situations, and another class of which the plot is laid a few hundred years ago without any reference to history, merely in order to color the story with certain catastrophes which would be highly unlikely in modern times. The former type of story, where a Roman convert in the early Christian era flirts with the irreproachable heroine as freely as a guardsman in a London drawing-room, is utterly worthless: the latter, though possibly admirable as a work of art, cannot claim to be an historical novel, and therefore need not be considered here.

Among those books which are of historical importance there are some in which the history exists for the sake of the story, and some in which the story can only be said to exist for the sake of the history. To the first division belong the novels of Scott, in which "the imaginary individuals themselves excite our chief interest independent of the national events which affect them." Nevertheless, steeped in history and tradition as Scott was, he cannot fail to give a very fairly faithful picture of past times, even if accuracy be not his strong point: and after all, what is historical accuracy? Is it one man's tale, or many? And who, even among serious historians may claim it as his own?

"History is half dream,
For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
That none can truly write his single day
And none can write it for him upon earth."

If we gain an idea of the great events of the past, and of the atmosphere of the times which made our forbears what they were and through them have moulded our own being, it is as much as history can give us; and this we may fairly hope to get from historical novels. The more so that Scott's followers, for the most

part lacking his supreme genius, have improved on his statement of facts: and now that common-school children know more bald historical facts than the general public of Scott's day, no one would dare to take his liberties with time and place.

At the head of the second division stands Scott's imitator, G. P. R. James, with his steady adherence to history and small powers of invention: not to be despised as a painter of famous men, events, and scenes, in a tolerably attractive form. The puppets who act in his stories are not worth considering; but even these cold pages serve to illustrate the times they portray by reminding us how, while constitutions were being built up, ordinary life went on. 'Philip Augustus' and 'Heidelberg' cannot be read without giving life to the twelfth and sixteenth centuries; and in common with other bona-fide historical novels, they are likely to encourage a taste for something more solid; just as Ainsworth, beloved of boys for the horrors in which he delights, and Dumas himself, lead to real history by means of a primrose path of story. 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' and 'Vingt ans après' have been read by thousands who never did and never will open a serious book: but they have probably led numbers to inquire into the true life of the historical persons who figure in those pages, and to turn to find in the memoirs and chronicles of the day the real pictures of the Kings and Cardinals whom they have hitherto known only as influencing the career of d'Artagnan or Aramis.

Still, the best historical novels have a more direct use than this; there are passages describing real scenes in Thackeray and Kingsley, which have been written with as much pains and care for historical truth as any page of Freeman or of Mommsen. Such are the chapters on Marlborough's wars in 'Esmond,' the view of the Reign of Terror in the 'Tale of Two Cities,' and in Hugo's 'Ninety-Three,' and the defeat of the Armada in 'Westward Ho': while a study of Napoleon's wars is hardly complete without Tolstoi's 'La Guerre et la Paix', nor German history without the series of 'Ahnen', in which Freytag shows the rise of his race. These books have become classics, and a knowledge of such of them at least as are national, has become part of a liberal education in every country.

Historical stories keep green the memory of many an incident which modern historians pass over as irrelevant to a wide view of the development of past generations, and preserve the legends of many a town and country-side, which are invaluable to the traveler, giving as they do a dash of color to the scene of an

uninteresting drive, or obscure town. Buildings like the Tower of London, the Castle of St. Angelo, or the Catacombs of Rome, need no added glory of association; but it often requires the framing which the novelist adds to invest with interest a place which is merely a name in history.

Apart from any historic value, moreover, such books as those which we have been discussing, have a special charm in the present state of literature. It seems to have been tacitly agreed that modern fiction must be true to the least encouraging view of life. People in everyday life are never quite happy, nor even justifiably unhappy enough for their deserts: therefore when rewards and penalties are too fairly meted out in contemporary print, we turn away with the cry, "How unreal! how unlikely!" But in the historical novel, under the glamor of the past, we still consent to be soothed by the cheering atmosphere of our childhood's fairy-tales. In the "good old days", to which some look back with misplaced pity, and others with unreasonable regret, all are willing to allow virtue to be rewarded and vice punished. Moreover the realism of modern novels is apt to call up disagreeable associations: they do not always succeed in taking us out of ourselves and of our daily cares when we need distraction most. At such times we are willing to forget that the possibilities and probabilities of human happiness have altered very little since the flood: we can allow some guilt to be put on the gingerbread of the past though there must be none on that of the present. We like to conceive it possible that life in Arcadia was never dull; that even "lettres de cachet" were at times allowable; and that the lightening of a purse by a gentleman of the road, was less disagreeable than the loss of the same sum on the stock exchange. The possibility of such incidents is so remote from modern life, that we are ready to receive them as a story, to be read without argument, as Jack the Giant Killer once was read by us all, and with somewhat the same enjoyment: and in answer to those who still maintain that they prefer realistic and pessimistic literature, we can make this claim for the historical tale:

"All's well, all's well aboard her: she's left you far behind

With the scent of old world roses through the fog that ties you blind.

Spite all modern notions I found her first and best,
The only certain packet for the islands of the blest."

MAUD GRENFELL.

How can a man learn to know himself? Never by meditating, but by doing. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou wilt at once know what in thee lies.—Goethe.

Recent British Verse.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Our lives are strangely linked by time and reason
To vanished recollections grave or glad,
So deeply hid we scarce could give a reason,—
Yet Christmas makes us sad.

Our hearts are ill-attuned to youth's light laughter,
The festal throng, the music gay and sweet,
That like some joyous spirit flashes after
The dancers' flying feet.

For some, perchance, the old hearth fires are dying,
And jostling crowds hide friend and kin from sight;
And some, alas! in far off graves are lying
Who once made Christmas bright!

Have we no share, then, in Angelic Praises?
No praise amid the children's innocent glee?
No part in that great Hymn the Church upraises
For Christ's Nativity?

We miss its meaning in our half-blind fashion,
Wailing our treasured hopes that flee so fast,
Who deem the first act of that wondrous Passion
A memory of the past.

The joy of Christmas tide is something deeper—
As real as when the heavenly host came down.
And eager shepherds roused some toil-worn sleeper
In David's royal town.

Veiling in human flesh the Godhead's splendor,
To-day as in those distant ages dim,
The Babe of Bethlehem, with entreaty tender
Draws all men unto Him.

What though we miss some sweetness in Earth's story,
For us again the Holy Child is born—
All human life is radiant with the glory
Of that First Christmas Morn!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

From 'The Pall Mall Magazine'.

WHEN PUNCTUAL DAWN.

When punctual dawn came o'er the hill,
In orange veiled and tender blue,
Wan in the dark field gleamed the rill,
The dusky hedge was gemmed with dew.

And patient sheep from folded feet
Rose one by one, alert for food,
And one by one, so small and sweet,
The flattened grass-stems stirred and stood.

And I too rose, and stepping down
Drank deep the invigorating air,
And scanned the little sleeping town,
And thanked my God that I was there.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

STANZAS FROM 'IN AUTUMN'.

The leaves are many under my feet,
And drift one way.
Their scent of death is weary and sweet.
A flight of them is in the grey
Where sky and forest meet.

The low winds moan for dead sweet years:
The birds sing all for pain,
Of a common thing, to weary ears,—
Only a summer's fate of rain,
And a woman's fate of tears.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Reviews.

The Master of Balliol.*

The old song that celebrates the happy lot of the Sultan and the Pope knew nothing of the goodly heritage of the Oxford don. Until very recently, the Oxford professor was required to know nothing, and to do nothing; and he was paid handsomely for performing both these onerous duties. Chesterfield's suggestion to his loutish son casts a flood of light on the subject: "What do you think of being a Greek professor at one of our universities? It is a very pretty sinecure, and requires very little knowledge (much less than, I hope, you have already) of that language." The testimony of Adam Smith and Gibbon to the efficiency of Oxford in the eighteenth century is well-known, as is the struggle of the men of Oriel in the days of Newman to make a body of teachers teach, and a body of students study. It is no myth that one professor said at the opening of a course, after an embarrassed silence, to his solitary hearer: "Mr. —, I am required by the statutes of the university to read this lecture, and, if you insist upon it, I will do so; but I think you would derive as much benefit from it if you read the manuscript in your own rooms." Nor have matters improved very much in some respects, even now. Our English brothers seem to see nothing humorous in seating Froude in the chair of the Scornor, that is to say, Freeman, or in proposing to put Captain Mahan, in Froude's. The two Royal Commissions have simply saved Oxford from ruin by dry rot; and yet, there are people ready to curse them both.

Still, in spite of its abuses, or, by reason of them, the English university produces character. The last striking personality developed under the system, to come before the eye of the world, is Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol. His life, written by two of his pupils, has been warmly praised; and must be considered as final and authoritative, but, perhaps the best picture of the man is Mallock's Dr. Jenkinson, in 'The New Republic.' His friends find it hard to explain his undeniable charm and influence, but they do not relinquish the fascinating task. The latest effort is a collection of *ana* by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, entitled 'Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol'.

This volume is an attempt to explain the inexplicable, a muddle-headed man, brought up in an atmosphere which cramped thought, and stifled action, who could neither wholly accept

the new truths of science nor wholly reject them, who never thought things out—one of those who, in Carlyle's words, try to say Yes and No, and whose life was a compromise between rationalism and Christianity. Pattison, his great contemporary, the Rector of Lincoln, drove straight through from Neo-Catholicism (he confessed himself once to Pusey) to the most thorough-going German liberalism. Disappointed in his promotion, Pattison fell into a moral slough; and when he gained the prize, too late, he simply made a convenience of it. Jowett, as mild as Pattison was fierce, became what is called a Broad Churchman, which means that you may believe as little as you please provided you keep snug within the Establishment, and lived and died for his college, bringing it to the front rank in Oxford, and making it a centre of influence for the empire.

This enthusiasm for his college, his dry Oxford sarcasm, the quaint little figure, with its round, infantine face, and birdlike chirp, his faculty of saying things, his genuine interest in his pupils, and devotion to them, especially to the gold tassels, all went to make him an interesting man. He remembered his old students, and the little things they said and did, he followed them through their careers, he wrote to them, to their wives, to their children. Such genuine *politesse de coeur* had its reward in the affectionate regard of men so different as Mr. Swinburne and Sir Alfred Milner. To have won such regard, to have wielded such influence is crown enough for any teacher.

Mr. Tollemache's book gives the impression of the narrowing effect of the cloistered life. Within the college walls men are busy with words and names and the splitting of hairs. The free air of heaven never seems to enter quadrangle or common-room. The busy hum of men in this work-a-day world sounds far off. Such a life seems to destroy the sense of proportion and to impair the sense of the ludicrous. Imagine the cherubic Jowett rustling down the common-room of Balliol with outstretched arm, "in jocular imitation" of a Chinese headsman, who sliced off a whole row of Jeeping rebel heads at one sweep, to save time; or the state of mind in an elderly clerical don who could for an instant suppose, that the request of a girl to "marry her" could mean anything but perform the marriage ceremony. In compensation, the cloistered life gives a Jowett time to elaborate his Thucydides, his Plato, and his epigrams. Some of the last are sure to be famous, such as his delightful fling at formal logic. Somebody wanted to know whether it was a science or an art. Said Jowett, "Logic is neither a science nor an art, but a dodge."

*'Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol.' By the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, London and New York: Edwin Arnold.

This is better than the German student's excuse for neglecting that same interesting study, "Bei mir ist Logik ein Gefühl." He could not away with Rabelais, and did not approve the peculiarly Gallic cult of the great goddess Lubricity. Once he asked a student what would be an appropriate inscription for the gates of Hell. The student suggested something like "nulla vestigia retrorsum." "No," said Jowett, "the inscription is, Ici on parle français."

The book is full of good things, which the reader is advised to cull for himself. Though slight, it will probably be more useful in interpreting Jowett to the outside world, than larger and more ambitious works.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Charles Egbert Craddock's Latest Novels.*

The plot of 'The Juggler' is in its broadest outlines a simple one. A city-bred young man, well-educated, brought up in the midst of luxurious surroundings, with refined and highly developed social instincts, finds himself stranded by accident in a mountain settlement of Eastern Tennessee. He soon learns that his friends suppose him to be dead, and he believes that owing to the peculiar circumstances of his disappearance if he should return to his city home, he would be liable to arrest for felonious misappropriation of the funds of the company in whose service he is engaged. So he determines to remain among the mountain people and live out his life under an assumed name. The admiration of a beautiful mountain girl reconciles him for a time to this conclusion. But presently sad havoc is made of his resolution by the discovery of a fashionable summer resort in the not remote neighborhood, and thus enters in the tragedy of the story—the old, old tragedy, where character comes into collision with environment, and environment wins.

The external events that go to constitute the thread of the story, though interesting in their nature, are but few in number, and so at first glance the movement of the plot might seem to be somewhat slow. Yet it is a mistake to restrict the idea of movement to the consideration of external action merely, and especially so when, as in this case, the conditions are such that the mind of the chief character is of necessity the stage on which a great part of the action takes place.

A large part of the interest of the story lies in the author's skill in the delineation of character. Miss Murfree has deviated from her usual custom so far as to make the chief personage in 'The Juggler' a sophisticated man from the city rather than an uncultured mountaineer. And as regards Leonard Royce, we miss the freshness and sturdy vigor which we have learned to admire in Miss Murfree's rustic mountain heroes. For the "juggler" is a weakling whose moral cowardice brings on his doom. And yet the author depicts him so sympathetically that, in spite of his vacillation and instability, we are led, if not to admire, at least to pity him as the victim of untoward circumstances. The real hero occupies but a small place in the narrative. He is a certain mountaineer, rude of garb and of speech, but filled with religious fervor and a lofty enthusiasm for righteousness to which he sacrifices his dearest earthly possession—the love for Euphemia Sims. This young woman has the rare beauty, the energy, and the household talent of Miss Murfree's ideal heroines, but we are given no reason to suppose that she possesses the capacity for noble self-sacrifice and heroic endeavor which glorified Celia Shaw and Cynthia Ware. The part assigned to Parson Absalom Tynes does not satisfy the interest created by the mode of his introduction into the story, but Jane Ann Sims is a rare creation, almost as good as Mrs. Poyser.

There is a peculiar charm in Miss Murfree's descriptive passages, especially those dealing with the features and phenomena of nature. It would be hard to find anywhere else in prose fiction such exquisite word paintings, such sublime harmonies of color and sound as abound in her writings. Her diction is all aglow with color, and warm and thrilling with emotional suggestion. It is as fresh as a breeze from the heights of the Great Smoky Mountains; it is fragrant with the woody odor of their maples and pines. And Miss Murfree is an artist in sound also, no less than in color. She plays all the melodies of the mountains from the sweet ecstatic carol of the wild forest bird to the deep multitudinous bass of the rolling thunders. Here and there in appropriate places one comes on passages with the strong stately march and the sublime cadences of the Iliad or the Odyssey. Moreover, these melodies and these pictures have a living, organic connection with the story. They represent a part of the environment in which the characters live and move and have their being and without which they would not be what they are. In the presentation of the story, therefore, these descriptive passages constitute the harmonious background scenery of the stage upon which the rude drama is enacted, they are the choric voices

*'The Juggler' and 'The Young Mountaineers.' By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1897.

responding sympathetically to the sentiments and emotions of the humble actors.

'The Young Mountaineers' is a collection of fresh, wholesome stories for boys. These tales have all the best characteristics of Miss Murfree's style, and differ chiefly from her books for adults in the greater simplicity of language and plot, the brevity of the descriptive passages and a corresponding rapidity of movement. In the two latter respects 'The Young Mountaineers' is notably superior to either of the other two boys' books by the same author. As is befitting, too, the moral of each of the stories is made quite obvious without being obtrusive. The writer celebrates the grandeur of moral courage and of heroic self-sacrifice in the path of duty. It is refreshing to Miss Murfree's literary admirers to find that in this her latest book she still remains faithful to her early democratic ideals. There is a beautiful harmony between the following passages, the first of which is the concluding sentence of 'In the Tennessee Mountains', published in 1884, and the other ends the story 'Way Down in Poor Valley', one of the best in 'The Young Mountaineers.'

"The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that nature can do in her higher moods."

"But poverty of soil need not imply poverty of soul. And a noble manhood may nobly exist."

What an uplifting effect it would have if it were possible to introduce such books as these into our Sunday school libraries in the place of volumes of weak drivel, mawkish sentiment, and wearisome commonplaces of language that too often fill the shelves!

We may say in conclusion that there is an able and sympathetic study of Charles Egbert Craddock in a little booklet, No. 8 of the 'Southern Writers' series.* The biographical details are of peculiar interest in accounting for Miss Murfree's special qualities and aptitudes. The criticism is comprehensive and discerning, and, while of necessity eulogistic, on the whole it is not characterized by the unmixed laudation which too often mars a local judgment. It was a good idea of Dr. Baskervill to undertake the issue in cheap form of a number of little monographs treating of the life and work of the chief authors of the Southern States. And what is better, the idea has been well carried out.

ANDREW STEVENSON.

*Southern Writers. Biographical and Critical Studies. 'Charles Egbert Craddock.' By William Malone Baskervill. (Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.)

Peter the Great.*

"Perhaps he is the Antichrist" was the agonized cry wrung from a rebellious subject of Peter in the torture chamber. Certainly not an unpalatable hypothesis! At least not to one who has been impelled by M. Waliszewski's astounding picture to seek for some word gigantesque enough to comprehend the great Tsar, this incarnation of a Revolutionary Terror, imposing a new scheme of society, grimly conscientious about it, primitive, cruel, and, withal, taking the delight of an unimaginative buffoon in incredible orgies. Such attempts at summary characterization may be idle, but even M. Waliszewski has not freed himself from the fascination of them, for in many different connections he throws out a word or a sentence at the object, and then scrutinizes the effect a little skeptically, only to try again further on.

The book is not after the fashion of the ordinary 'Life and Times'; it is a study, first, of the man, Peter, in his naked reality, and afterwards, of the physiognomy of his reign. Based upon a discriminating investigation of all available sources of knowledge it not merely corrects in essential particulars the traditions of the subject, but combats the very conception of Peter's work generally prevalent.

Peter does not appear as a creator, with an inexhaustible initiative; rather, he is the heir of a reform movement begun by Alexis and Feodor. At first it seemed probable that he would waste his inheritance; but, eventually, he became bored with mere playing soldier and sailor, and, just about that time, was rudely awakened to realities by the disasters of Azov and Narva.

M. Waliszewski thinks Peter began to be weary of his earlier pursuits in 1795, when the scheme of a journey into the West was suggested to him by his favorite, the Swiss Lefort. There was one objection. What figure would he make in an Europe which quietly ignored his ambassadors? Even the new Sultan of Turkey did not think it necessary to send him a notice of his accession. Peter saw that something must be done. An end must be made to Russia's feeble and shifting foreign policy. For the lack of a better inspiration he adopted the classical plan of an attack upon Azov. The result was so disastrous that it amounted to a condemnation of all Peter's juvenile improvisations. Although he "saved his face" by announcements of imaginary victories, he did not attempt to deceive himself. He had been absolute master; more, he had been "proprietor of

*'Pierre le Grand. L'Éducation — L'Homme — L'Œuvre.' Par K. Waliszewski. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1897.

his country and his people." He had seemed to be possessed of immense force, but the moment he attempted to make use of it under the walls of Azov "everything gave way beneath him, his armies disbanded in a few hours, his treasury became empty in a few days, his administrative bureaus appeared utterly wrecked." In the midst of the débris of the old order he began to understand his task. "Then began the life of Peter the Great."

The fatal lack of social and political organization in Russia which Peter learned at Azov, and later at Narva, his predecessors had understood. They had sought to remedy the defects, and with some success. This work Peter resumed, bringing to it as novelties his own tastes, habits of mind, passions. The only element distinctly new was the guiding impulse, namely the endless war which compelled the workman to attempt now this and now that construction, strictly in accordance with the demands of his campaigning, and sometimes in plain defiance of the needs of the national life. This is M. Waliszewski's thesis, and he disagrees fundamentally with the historians who hold that the Tsar must become victor in order to be reformer; he maintains, on the contrary, that the Tsar became reformer, creator of a new society, a new industrial life, a new governmental machinery in order that he might be victor. This appears all the more evident if it be remembered that Peter abandoned salutary reforms already begun when he found himself embarrassed by them. The central administration of the finances, for example, established in 1679, and furthered by him in 1699, he in part destroyed by organizing special local commissions to collect war taxes. Moreover the new taxes were in many cases, the author observes, a species of "financial brigandage." The destruction of the free peasantry is another illustration of the same subordination of reforming tendencies to the requirements of an almost constant warfare.

Peter himself apparently entertained no modest estimate of his work as a reformer. He believed that the intellectual and economic revival at which he presided was wholly his own creation. The author remarks that he left Louis XIV far behind in this princely conceit, identifying not merely the state with the sovereign, but the whole national life, past, present, and future.

It is an interesting question just how far the mad humor that Peter carried into his work rendered the attainment of his objects easier or more difficult. Certain of his apologists attempt to connect his perverse barbarities with his purposes as a reformer. For example, the Knes-papa, or false patriarch, the drunken

Zotof, and his disreputable conclave, are believed to have been part of a subtle scheme to discredit the patriarchate and prepare for its suppression. But M. Waliszewski thinks the sudden, unreflecting, uproarious way Peter had of announcing and imposing his changes made them only the more offensive to his people. He swept over the country like a hurricane. But hurricanes sometimes do good, as a woman in the Tennessee mountains believed apropos of her mud-lined log hut, for she said she wished a "harricane would come 'long and knock the old contraption daown so they could build another." And the author adds, Peter did the work of centuries in a few years.

If Peter's strange and horrifying pranks had in general no high ethical aim, how are they to be explained? The author has his theory of them, and it is interesting. The attempt to satirize, to caricature, in a broadly farcical manner, all the important acts of life was one of the tendencies of the period immediately before the accession of Peter. It may perhaps have been a counterpart of the strong ascetic current in Russia. Some of the stories M. Waliszewski tells of this phase of Peter's career must be literally horrifying even to readers with sensibilities a little toughened by long acquaintance with the annals of historical depravity. Consider that "*concile étrangère à la tristesse*," recruited from the greatest drunkards and vilest debauchees in the empire, making a progress through the streets with the Tsar at their head, and holding regular sessions, orgies often prolonged for twenty-four hours, at which the highest functionaries were occasionally compelled to be present and to take part in the festivities. When in January, 1725, Golovine, a man eighty years old, of illustrious family, refused to appear in the ominous cortege, costumed as a devil, he was stripped and compelled to sit on the ice of the Neva an hour. It is needless to add that he died. After all, this is a comparatively mild tale. No wonder in casting about for words to describe a hero capable of such deeds, M. Waliszewski calls him "a human mastodon, with morally the colossal and monstrous proportions of the antediluvian flora and fauna." So great is the element of savage buffoonerie, primitive ferocity and immorality in this creature that one has the sensation of something strangely pathetic at the discovery of words or deeds of common human friendliness or affection among the records of his life.

In this volume, aside from its main subject, there are matters lightly touched which, from their relation to the future, possess a more than passing interest. Peter does not seem to have been content with schemes of extension toward the Baltic and the Black Sea; he hoped to

blaze a way across the mountains to India. He saw a road over Khiva and Bokhara to Delhi long before the English reached there. Furthermore one of his agents journeying to Constantinople, met a deputation from Armenia coming to St. Petersburg to ask the Tsar's help against the Porte. The author significantly exclaims, "*Déjà*!" It appears also that Peter in fighting Charles XII understood as clearly as Alexander I a century later that his best allies were the vast plains of Russia, snow, ice, famine, and pestilence.

As a piece of biographical work this study of Peter the Great must excite admiration among those who wish the material not merely set before them, but so treated that they may feel in the presence of an artistic conception. The *mis-en-scène* is highly dramatic, although it is obvious that the author has not chosen this manner of bringing Peter on the stage simply because it was dramatic. He saw that the terrible circumstances which surrounded Peter's birth and infancy were significant for his whole career. In spite of all this there may be one note of dissent. Perhaps some persons will question the wisdom of uncovering the great man's nakedness even in an artistic way, believing that there may be a suggestion to biographers in the old story of the three brethren and their father Noah.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

Marie-Antoinette.*

No period of history has suffered more at the hands of hysterical enthusiasts than that of the great French Revolution; and it may be added that upon no character during that period has so much gushing eloquence been expended as upon the hapless Queen of France, Marie-Antoinette. The contrast, which stirred the famous English orator, Edmund Burke, to the height of his gift of word painting, between the splendid queen, in the centre of the brilliant throng of the courtiers of Versailles, and the unhappy victim, whose latter days were spent in widowed misery under circumstances of hideous imprisonment until death upon the guillotine ended her woes, is well calculated to arouse reflections on the uncertainty of human destinies by the spectacle of the extremes of fortune and misfortune in one human life. The step from reflection to sympathy is but short, and the contemplation of the career of Marie-Antoinette has won for her thousands of sympathetic admirers. The element of romance heightens the interest; conviction of the undeservedness of so great a punishment intensifies

pity; and the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa appears to the popular gaze as a saint and a martyr! But with these feelings, the historian has naught to do. It is for him to chronicle events in their sequence, to point out the relative proportions of forces working to results and to maintain an impartial attitude towards the men and women whose figures stand out upon his canvas. He must not be led by his sympathies to exaggerate a suffering victim into an angelic martyr any more than he must allow his detestation for vice and crime to deepen the tints with which he portrays his villains. To take the two most striking instances of the prevailing tendency to exaggerate that appear in accounts of the French Revolution, it seems to be generally held that nothing too bad can be said of Marat and nothing too good of Marie-Antoinette. Yet modern research has shown that Marat is a perfectly explicable human being and the same process will some day reach a similar result with regard to Marie-Antoinette. It is true that it is a less attractive task to diminish the brightness of a saintly aureole than to whitewash the blackened reputation of some unfortunate victim of the injustice of history, but the impartiality of modern scientific investigation demands that the men and women of the past should be shown to be men and women and not angels or devils.

No better exemplification can be given of the changes that have come over historical writing during the present century than to observe the different fashions in which the life of Marie-Antoinette has been treated. During the years immediately following her execution, while France was under the government of the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, there was no likelihood of any great pains being taken in France itself to commemorate the late Queen, and Montjoye produced his *éloge historique* for the edification of his brother émigrés. The Restoration, however, caused a sudden change. The press teemed with pamphlets describing the virtues and the misfortunes of the last Queen of France. Every royalist writer who hoped for a pension from Louis XVIII commemorated his departed sister-in-law, whom he had never loved in life, and taking his cue from the solemn ceremony of the removal of her remains to the vault at Saint-Denis, thought himself rendering a service to the government in celebrating her fame. Plenty of material was produced in particular dealing with the latter days of the life of Marie-Antoinette. The servant-maid who had waited upon her during her last imprisonment, Rosalie Lamorlière, was discovered and induced to dictate her recollections of the gloomy days in the Conciergerie; the curé who had given the Queen

**La Captivité et la Mort de Marie-Antoinette, d'après des Relations de Témoins oculaires et des Documents inédits.* Par G. Lenotre. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

the last consolations of religion was forced to tell his tale; every one who said he had, or who really had, been concerned in the plots for the release of the prisoner, tried to make good his claims to royal recognition; eye-witnesses of any part of the events which so profoundly interested the returned royalists were sought out; and the official documents of the trial and execution were made public. But, perhaps, the discovery that most profoundly moved public opinion and that chiefly raised Marie-Antoinette to the rank of a popular saint was the revelation by Courtois of the last letter written by the Queen, after her condemnation, on the morning of her execution, which he had discovered among the papers of Robespierre. This letter, which is commonly called the testament of Marie-Antoinette, was circulated in facsimile by the thousand, and its pathetic words speaking from the tomb threw a new light on the domestic affections of the Queen. The most important writer on Marie-Antoinette during the period of the Restoration was the Abbé Lafont d'Aussonne, whose *'Mémoires secrets et universels sur la Reine de France'* appeared in 1825. It was this priest who procured the testimony of Rosalie Lamorlière and of other inmates of the last prison of Marie-Antoinette, but subsequent students hardly know whether to bless or curse him for what he did. The Abbé was no historian; he was a panegyrist with a specialty; and he was jealous of any worker in the same field. No one can tell how much he may have colored the stories of surviving witnesses on which he based his account of Marie-Antoinette's last days, and it is particularly necessary to regard with caution his report of Rosalie's recollections, since the poor old woman was unable to read and write, and her account of what she saw thirty-two years before, as written down by her interrogator, was not attested by witnesses. The Abbé Lafont was particularly suspicious of the tale told by the Abbé Magnin of his having administered her last communion to the Queen, and an unseemly controversy broke out between the two priests, which is mainly valuable in that it brought into existence the solemn testimony of the Abbé Magnin to that most interesting event.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, no special studies of importance appeared upon Marie-Antoinette. The King of the French never forgot that he was the son of Philippe Egalité and the writers of his time did not see their advantage in praising or in studying the men and women of the older Bourbon line which he had supplanted. The second Empire witnessed an abrupt change. The Empress Eugénie was seized with a veritable passion for the memory of the last Bourbon Queen. It was her

delight to collect relics of her predecessor on the throne of France, and there was, as it were, a revival of the *culte* of Marie-Antoinette. The Comte Vogt d'Hunolstein published several volumes of letters, mostly forgeries, attributed to the Queen; writers of established reputation like Horace de Viel-Castel, the brothers de Goncourt, and M. de Lescure, made up exceedingly interesting volumes; and one real scholar, M. de Campardon, edited two volumes of authentic material on two important episodes in Marie-Antoinette's life, on the Affair of the Necklace, and on her imprisonment in the Conciergerie. Outside of Campardon's volumes, it may be said, however, that not much has been done for the elucidation of Marie-Antoinette's life between the days of Lafont d'Aussonne and the rise of the new scientific school of students of the French Revolution within the last few years. Several writers of this school have, however, recently taken the subject in hand and studied the life of Marie-Antoinette with that careful citation and appreciation of documents which is the characteristic of them all. Noteworthy among these scientific scholars are M. Maxime de la Rocheterie, whose *'Histoire de Marie-Antoinette'* is the best, most authentic, and most modern history of the unfortunate Queen, and whose reputation was made by his critical study on the last communion of the Queen published in the *'Revue des Questions Historiques'*. M. Leon Lecestre, whose admirable article in the same periodical for April, 1886, is the chief authority on the various plots made to save the Queen's life, and M. Lenotre, who has followed up his admirable works on the *'Baron de Batz'* and the *'Chevalier de Rougeville'* by the volume, of which the title stands at the head of this article.

M. Lenotre has not attempted to enter into competition with M. de la Rocheterie. He has not written a history of the life of Marie-Antoinette or even an account of those last months in prison, to which he has given particular attention. He has preferred instead to gather together into one handy volume all the material upon which an account of the Queen's prison life must necessarily be based. Believing, like all historical writers of the modern school, that it is better to read original documents when possible than secondary histories made up from them, M. Lenotre has deliberately effaced himself in his latest volume and preferred to act as a guide to primary material than as an historian. The result is all that could be desired. No amount of eloquent descriptive writing can ever equal the poignant veracity of the tales told by eye-witnesses of the unhappy Queen's last weeks on earth. It is better to read the actual words of Rosalie

Lamorlière, of Madame Bault, of Turgu, the faithful cook, and of the different municipal councillors, who saw the daily life of the prisoners in the Temple, than to get the same tale at second hand. Not only is truth better served, but an impression of actuality is given which cannot be surpassed by the eloquence of secondary writers. The only absolutely new document is a brief account of certain experiences in the Temple, written by one Daujon, a member of the Commune of Paris. The original of this belongs to M. Victorien Sardou, the celebrated dramatist, and it has never before been printed.* Its interest lies mainly in the fact that Daujon was on duty during the massacres of September, 1792, and that it was he who met the drunken murderers who bore the head of the Princesse de Lamballe on a pike to the gardens of the Temple, with the hideous intention of exhibiting it to her dearest friend, Marie-Antoinette. Of the other documents, most are rare and practically inaccessible to students. The most famous is the story told by Rosalie Lamorlière, which was, however, reprinted by M. Campardon in his *'Marie-Antoinette à la Conciergerie'*. This story dictated in her old age to Lafont d'Aussonne must necessarily be regarded with suspicion and cannot be trusted except where corroborated. The means of corroboration are partly supplied in M. Lenotre's volume and special attention should be drawn from this point of view to the report given by Madame Simon-Vouet of her conversation with Rosalie in 1835. It may be said at once that most of the documents would by themselves be of little value owing to the fact that they are mainly recollections, written between twenty and thirty years after the events described, by survivors of a terrible time who had every inducement to exaggerate the virtues and the sufferings of the Queen. But these accounts are sufficiently numerous to be used as checks upon each other and therefore a fair degree of certainty can be arrived at with regard to the points on which they agree. Without going into the minutiae of differences and agreements, it is enough to state here that M. Lenotre is convinced of the accuracy of the story of the Queen's last communion as told by the Abbé Magnin, and that he differs from M. de la Rocheterie (*'Histoire de Marie-Antoinette,'* vol. II, p. 581, note 4) in maintaining that Rosalie's story is correct and that the Queen was after her condemnation taken back to her former prison cell, instead of being transferred, as other witnesses assert, to the usual cell of those condemned to death.

A few words must be said in commendation of the excellent fashion in which M. Lenotre has illustrated his texts. For this task, he was

eminently well prepared by the careful study he has already made of the topography of Paris during the period of the Revolution. Just as it is impossible to understand, for instance, the various accounts given of the taking of the Bastille without having a plan of the Bastille under the readers' eyes, so it is necessary for the right comprehension of the details of Marie-Antoinette's prison life to have a correct knowledge of the topography of the Temple and of the Conciergerie. This knowledge is given by the admirable plans supplied by M. Lenotre. For the first time it is possible to see exactly what the various narrators meant in their allusions to places well known to them but unknown to us. Various mistakes of secondary writers caused by their misinterpretation of their authorities are cleared up by M. Lenotre's plans, and the sense of actuality, which, as it has been said, is given by the reading of the testimony of eye-witnesses, is heightened by the plans of the sites described. Some contemporary drawings and some excellent portraits, notably one of the Abbé Magnin, are inserted, and once again is reproduced that marvellous drawing by David of Marie-Antoinette on her way to execution, which contains in its few expressive lines, the whole story of the miserable, last days of anguish which closed the career of the hapless Queen of France. Better than all words of eloquent pathos is David's more eloquent drawing in its convincing proof that whatever Marie-Antoinette might have done in life to merit chastisement, she gave evidence at the last that at least she had "suffered much."

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

Dr. Edward Eggleston in his recent much-lauded volume on *'The Beginners of a Nation'* tells us by way of preface: "The founders of the little settlements that had the unexpected fortune to expand into an empire I have not been able to treat otherwise than irreverently." Now comes Mr. Arber and in his *'Story of the Pilgrim Fathers'* says: "Although the Pilgrim Story must, after the appearance of this volume, assume a somewhat different aspect from that which it has hitherto had; it has been rather heightened than diminished in interest." Dr. Eggleston also declares that he has "disregarded that convention which makes it obligatory for a writer of American history to explain that intolerance in the first settlers was not just like other intolerance, and that their

**'The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers, 1606-1623 A. D.; as told by Themselves, Their Friends, and Their Enemies.'* Edited from the original texts by Edward Arber, F. S. A. 8vo. pp. X. 634. Index. London and Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.

cruelty and injustice were justifiable under the circumstances"; while Mr. Arber insists that "if we would wish to do but bare and simple justice to the Pilgrim Fathers, we must strip ourselves of a great many ideas and opinions which, in our time, are the unquestioned and universal maxims of everyday life and thought." For our part we like Mr. Arber's point of view much better than we do Dr. Eggleston's. Without for a moment surrendering the eternal basis of moral judgments, or stooping to an outworn casuistry which would justify the means by the end, we cannot but think that historical judgments must be formed under the influence of a very broad consideration of the men and events of each age. We readily concede that no man and no age deserves exemption from the most careful and searching scrutiny of every succeeding time, but we cannot agree that the builders of our nation should be "treated irreverently." Even though we admit the plea of one of Dr. Eggleston's most friendly reviewers that he meant *unreverently* rather than *irreverently*, we are obliged to think that the original word is the better and the significance the same. We have brought to the study of the Pilgrim Fathers a mind biased against their claims to reverence. Our Maryland and Virginia ancestry gave us no liking for their New England ways, nor did we naturally incline to their separatist views in matters ecclesiastical. But as we came to study the story of their lives and deeds the nobility of their natures grew upon us. It was easy to see, as Mr. Arber sees, that the Pilgrim story is full of human weakness, that "it contains every possible dramatic element, nobleness and baseness, bravery and cowardice, purity and impurity of life, manhood and hypocrisy, gentleness and wrongheadedness." And when we came to sum up, it was impossible not to see the rich vein of pure devotion in their lives, or to refuse to bare the head in humble reverence before the hardy men who dared and did so much for the love of liberty and God.

No service can be rendered such men as these so grateful as that which will enable posterity to know them as they were. It is this that Mr. Arber has attempted and largely succeeded in doing in this stout volume. He has hitherto laid us under many obligations for his excellent reprints of old English books, and more recently by his valuable edition of the works of Captain John Smith. His is, therefore, no 'prentice hand. There is a naïve simplicity about him which is always refreshing, as when he tells us that "it may be necessary to say that we are absolutely impartial. . . . We always start upon any investigation with a *tabula rasa*; and then simply follow the evidence, wherever it may lead us." We can scarcely con-

cede such entire freedom from prepossession in this age to any except the natural scientists, but despite an evident distaste for the policy of "separation" (see p. 5) and an inability to estimate justly the true value of theological controversy (see p. 6), Mr. Arber has acquitted himself with great credit, considering that he is an Englishman and his present field History.

We are not given a bare series of manuscripts. In some cases, despite their length, we could wish for longer citations. We are rather supplied with quotations from the rarer works of the Pilgrim age and some recently recovered MSS., so edited as to supply the reader with the matter of most importance, and, by means of an editorial commentary, with the general setting of the quotations. After some introductory matter, including Cotton Mather's sketch of Governor Bradford, and a note on the Bradford MS., the story of the Pilgrims is dealt with in five sections treating of their life at Scrooby, Amsterdam and Leyden, their Resolution to Migrate to America, and the Voyage to America, embracing forty-five titles and covering three hundred and ninety-four pages. These sections are followed by reprints of the Journal of the Plantation in New England, commonly known as 'Mourt's Relation', Edward Winslow's 'Good News from America', and 'The Complaint of Certain Adventurers and Inhabitants of the Plantation in New England.' Of the last item Mr. Arber says:

"At this time of day, to hope to add anything absolutely new to the sum of what is already known about the Pilgrim Fathers, is like hoping to find the Philosopher's Stone. The New England Scholars and Historical Societies, during the last hundred years, have so cleanly swept this field of history, that not even a single ear of wheat is to be hoped for. We ourselves had no such hope at all. Therefore the more do we rejoice in our good luck in finding the Statement of the Claims in respect of the robbery of the *Fortune* by the French in February, 1622."

This recognition of the diligence of our New England students is as grateful as it is deserved. This quotation, also, indicates that this collection is intended for the general reader, bringing together in a volume of reasonable size, and price, the best results of the original investigations of the past century. We can cordially commend it as well fulfilling its object. The publishers also have made it very attractive in every way. The type is large, the paper and press work excellent, and the binding attractive. A portrait of Governor Winslow is inserted as a frontispiece, and there are maps of the "Pilgrim-land" in Old and New England.

As to the matter of these old world writings,

they are for the most part too familiar to need special comment. The Story of the Pilgrims as Told by Themselves sufficiently describes it. It is a story, as already indicated, of men full of human weakness, but upheld by a divine faith; stooping to pitiful dissensions, but rising to noble resolutions; baffled and downcast at times, but suffering steadfastly persecution, exile, and death for the truth they cherished. A single brief quotation from the closing words of Edward Winslow's 'Good News from New England', will sufficiently indicate the attitude of a man of gentle birth and honorable rank to the undertaking which he was largely instrumental in carrying to a triumphant issue:—

"I have heard some complain of others for their large reports of New England: and yet because they must drink water, and want many delicacies they here enjoyed, could presently here return with their mouths full of clamours. And can any be so simple, as to conceive that the fountains should stream forth wine and beer; or the roads and rivers be like butchers' shops and fishmongers' stalls, where they might have things taken to their hands. If thou canst not live without such things; and hast no means to procure the one, and wilt not take pains for the other; nor hast ability to employ others for thee; rest where thou art! . . . If, therefore, God hath given thee a heart to undertake such courses, upon such grounds as bear thee out in all difficulties, viz., his glory as a principal; and all other outward good things but as accessories: . . . then thou wilt, with true comfort, and thankfulness, receive the least of his mercies."

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

The Witch Persecutions.*

In the last half century the spread of education and the growth of rational views of historical progress have been so great that not alone the Magna Charta and the Declarations of Independence, which have been given to the world in protest against political servitude to tyrant state and monarch,—the outbursts of a people goaded into rebellion,—are preserved and honored in all lands where freemen dwell, but we have become strong enough also to hang beside them the scarlet letter and the witches' brand, not to forget Bonn and Trèves when we remember Runnymede. Nay more we can now realize at what a fearful cost of mental slavery to terrible dogmas, such for example as the be-

lief in witchcraft, our political liberties were in their sixteenth-century beginnings achieved.

Professor Burr gives us accurate translations and reprints of some of the most important documents relating to the witch-persecutions in Europe from Johannes Nider in 1437 to Cotton Mather in 1689. From the reading of these terrible chapters in the history of human thought, one rises impressed with the common goodness of all religions, no less than with the common weakness of all theologies. He recognizes how much more humane, how much more like the Jesus, whose name his Company bore, was Friedrich Spee, in 1631, than our own Puritan Cotton Mather, more than half a century later. If any one doubts the evolution of mankind in word and in deed, let him read these authentic records of doubt in God's power to hold his universe to the good, the true, the beautiful, of man's confession of Satan's omnipotence, his abdication of self-control, his casting off of honor, love and pity, his utter abandonment to irrational thoughts and debauched imaginations, and then turn to Browning and Lowell for evidence of the great change that has come over the minds of men. Galileo's recantation and his reputed "it does move after all" are no whit more remarkable, no more worthy of place in school and library than the torture-extracted confession of Junius, Burgomaster of Bamberg (1628), and the letter secretly written in the midst of his trial to his daughter Veronica, in which he says of the former: "They are all sheer lies and made-up-things, so help me God. For all this I was forced to say through fear of the torture which was threatened beyond what I had already endured." Only the perusal of the contemporary records, reproduced here, can give one an idea of the wide-spread character of these persecutions, which spared neither old nor young, women nor children, rich nor poor, earl nor peasant, having lost all notion of the sacredness of human life, the divinity of truth, the righteousness of honor, the duties of sonship and of fatherhood. How can we of to-day believe that in Würzburg alone "there were children of three or four years, to the number of three hundred, who are said to have had intercourse with the devil" and that there were actually put to death in that city, early in the seventeenth century "children of seven, promising students of ten, twelve, fourteen, and fifteen"—that Satan in person with his followers initiated and confirmed them? Dark has been woman's lot in many ages, but never darker than while the witch-persecutions raged. The Golden Age of Childhood has, in the course of man's upward growth, suffered many an inroad, but none so ruthless as then. In this crazy epoch man abandoned his reason, lost faith in

*'The Witch Persecutions,' edited by George B. Burr, A. B. 'Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History. Vol. III, No. 4. Philadelphia. Published by the Department of History of the University of Pennsylvania. 36 pp

the virtue of women and in the innocence of childhood. Had it not been that the foundations of human political liberties were being laid the while, so securely that such things never can occur again, one might have begun to despair of the future of humanity and to take a pessimistic view of all things. But these dark deeds of Christian theologians and their fear-led subjects were but a phase, a passing cloud of human thought. To-day we are learning more and more the truth expressed by the greatest poet of this century: "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Man can never err in the same way again. Still, in America recent attacks on academic liberty of speech and action show that we have not yet reached the ideal.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Workers.*

When Hamlin Garland published, some years ago, his stories of farm life in the central West, 'Main-travelled Roads,' it seemed to many people who were familiar with the condition of farmers in that part of the country, that, while Garland had pictured most vividly and accurately the external conditions of the farmers, he had failed to touch the real farmer's question because he had left out of the account the actual dispositions and habits of thought of the farmers themselves. His dissatisfied farmer was not a typical one. He saw their conditions, but he saw them with the eyes of an outsider. Conditions that, to a city man or to one who for a long time had not been accustomed to a farmer's life, might seem unpleasant or even rude and disgusting, to the farmer himself might well seem natural and necessary. In depicting social conditions the matter of chief importance is for the painter to put himself into the places of the persons represented; to live their lives, to think their thoughts.

Mr. Wyckoff had felt very properly that most of the people who of late years have been discussing the conditions of the laboring classes were not in a position thus to enter into the real life of the workers; that they saw their conditions merely from the outside. In order that he, therefore, might obtain the right point of view, he put himself into the position of a workman out of work, and, starting one summer morning in the garb of a workman, and without money, he went out to earn his living as a laboring man out of work might do. He went seeking work, ready to take whatever came to hand. When he found difficulty in securing jobs he went hungry, slept in barns,

and took the full consequences of the circumstances in which he was placed, as any self-respecting, upright working man would do.

His first job was that of a day laborer removing the debris of an old building. The weather was hot, the work was hard; but he took, not merely his share of the work with the other laborers, but apparently somewhat more than his share of the curses of the boss. He spent six days at this, apparently winning his way with men and boss. He next secured a position as porter in a summer hotel, serving there for three weeks. Later he had experiences as any ordinary hired man, a helper in out-door work at an insane asylum, next as a farm hand and finally as a lumberman in a logging camp.

In all these positions he seemed to succeed fairly well, perhaps one may even say remarkably well under the circumstances, in winning the sympathy and confidence of his fellow-workmen. So, also, it may be fairly said that Mr. Wyckoff shows that he has, to a remarkable degree, the sympathy and adaptability necessary to enable him to understand the feelings of the men with whom he worked. With all this, however, by one perfectly familiar with the condition of any one of these classes of workmen with whom he served, it would doubtless be found that he has represented the hardships of the toilers rather as they appear to an outsider than to the workmen themselves. Certainly this is true in one or two instances. In many cases, however, we have the comments of the workmen themselves upon their conditions and their work, and we have their views of their whole life here, as well as of the life hereafter. Even when these accounts are given, substantially in the men's own language, they need not necessarily represent the views that determine the men's actions in life. Many of us have our theories of life and of our life work which, nevertheless, affect but little the actions of our lives. Only one who has lived so long in the conditions of others that he has become in reality one of them, can fully understand and explain the motives and beliefs that in fact determine their lives.

The work is, nevertheless, one of not merely intense interest but also of great value. Mr. Wyckoff has the gift of vivid description and clear statement and he has given us the external conditions of the workers' lives.

This book describes conditions in the East; a second volume is promised for the coming year which shall depict conditions in the West and particularly conditions as they exist among skilled workers. The new volume will doubtless prove as interesting and valuable as this one, which must be considered one of the very successful books of the year.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

*'The Workers. An Experiment in Reality.' By Walter A. Wyckoff, Lecturer on Sociology in Princeton University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897. Pages IX, 270

Book Notes.

"Doc Sifers", the hero of James Whitcomb Riley's latest Idyll, the 'Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers' (The Century Co., New York), deserves to rank with "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" as a type, and a loved one, of rural life in Hoosierdom. The country doctor is not, to be sure, a new personage in literature; he has been a member of the stock company of many novelists and humorists for several generations, in this country and elsewhere; but Riley has depicted for us in this poem a new species of the genus, as wholesome and delightful as Holmes's Dr. Kittredge, as simple and devoted as Balzac's Minoret, yet modeled after neither, but a native product of the Indiana prairies. It is as well, perhaps, that those whose homes are in regions more picturesque and to whom the vast inland cornfield (as someone has called the country west of the Alleghanies) has seemed, seen from the car-window, but a dreary land to live in, should be reminded that human society is always picturesque, or something more, when it is seen truly. Hamlin Garland has shown the humble tragedy of prairie life; to Riley belongs the honor, as to him was given the power, of showing a superficial world the wealth of happy human experience and human emotion contained in those ugly wooden farmhouses and vulgar villages that depress the traveler as he passes them. Indeed, there is in the Hoosier poet's achievement a much-needed moral for the large class of pessimistic would-be poets who charge their failure on an unpoetic age or a commonplace environment. Their weight in the world is luckily not in proportion to their numbers: one such example of the better life as Doc Sifers will countervail the wailings of a hundred decadents, and set those he comes in contact with on the right road, as the author in his introductory verses tells us the original of his picture did him. The doctrine of limitations—that lesson that some find so very hard to learn—is condensed into a single line that ought to become a proverb:

"And mortal brains jes' won't turn out omnipotent results!"

Through and beyond all the shrewd American sense, however, and inventive genius of the Doctor, it is his power of loving that draws us.

"And, sir, I'd ruther see
That happy childish face o' his, and puore simplicity
Than any shape er style er plan o' mortals otherwise—
With perfect faith in God and man a-shinin' in his eyes!"

To many others, as to the poet, the Doctor will appear a true Courier of the Gods, coming

"Not winged with fire nor shod with wind, but
ambling down the pike,
Horse-back, with saddle-bags behind, and guise all
human-like".

'In the Permanent Way', a collection of short stories of Indian life, by Flora Annie Steel, is peculiarly welcome to those who read 'On the Face of the Waters.' Throughout this later volume, we find the same dramatic power that made her tragedy of Mutiny days so fascinating. No other novelist, save Kipling, has brought the life of India so vividly before our Western eyes. We breathe the very air of Hindostan, and "hear the East a-callin'". The glowing, merciless sky, the puffy *siris* blossoms, the tufts of tiger-grass, and the scarlet rhododendron become as familiar as the violets of our May woods.

Mrs. Steel excels in dramatic contrasts. Her Mutiny novel opens with an auction, of decidedly modern tone, among a people to whom bargaining is a mystery. In 'Shub' Rât,' we are introduced to the Church of St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, where the ghost of the Koran seems to listen in anguish to the Apostles' Creed. Mr. Steel's sympathetic insight is so strong that we understand the agony of the old bell-ringer who sees his faith over-thrown, and are resentful of the zeal of the English missionary. In every story, we are also made conscious of the width of the gulf that separates East from West. But the tragedy of 'The King's Well' shows the deeper truth that, "there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth," when Love chooses to join those, whom race has put asunder.

'Glory-of-Woman' is an Oriental rendering of Miss Wilkins's spinster, and the story of the gray, dreary life is told with exquisite delicacy. Mrs. Steel is evidently an admirer of British "pluck." But a Gordon Highlander in the Dargai charge is no braver than poor, old "Glory-of-Woman", as she lays aside her flowing white veil to save Yâsmin from shame. The gentle pathos of this "story of a still nook" is perfect art.

Mrs. Steel, more than once, has a covert fling at our "Eve-ridden faiths." But, after reading 'Uma Himavutee' and 'The Sorrowful Hour', we are not inclined to exchange our Western hearths and creed for the comfortless degradation of an Oriental hearth. The author makes a grave mistake when she calls Uma's dignified longing to be supreme in her husband's heart, sheer animal jealousy. As Uma walks home, a "dutiful step behind the man," we turn from such a conception of domestic happiness to our English poet's truer picture:—

"Till, at the last, she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words".

The melancholy of these tales becomes oppressive. They are nearly all tragedies, and the two light narratives seem forced. We find ourselves occasionally longing for a Mulvaney to enliven the gloom with an account of the days when he was a "devil av a man". In spite of her lack of humor and her lapses into morbid reflection, Mrs. Steel has shown herself, in these stories, a writer of great strength and picturesqueness. When we say that we can lay down the 'Plain Tales', and read her tales of India, without feeling bored, enough has been said for the readers of Kipling, and the man who has not read 'Plain Tales' does not deserve advice.

'The Skipper's Wooing' by W. W. Jacobs (Friedrick A. Stokes Company, New York) is a delightful bit of farce-comedy. The cut of a stout seaman upon the cover of the book may prove misleading, for Captain Wilson has a tendency to sentiment, not to embonpoint. He is a Thames skipper in love with a lass who will wed only the man who finds her long lost father. The straight-forward, manly skipper searches every port to which his coasting schooner takes him, and, besides, he offers a reward that secures the help of his crew—two seamen, the cook, and the boy. The humor of the story is found in the adventures of this quartette of amateur detectives, and the situations, though improbable, are extremely funny. The dialogue is witty, the characters well-drawn, and the whole style terse and original. But if padding was needed to fill out the volume, Mr. Jacobs might have treated us to something less horrible than the short story, 'The Brown Man's Servant'. Is it worth while to paint a frightful picture, merely for the pleasure of showing how well one can do it?

The escape of the Cuban heroine Evangeline Cisneros, and her arrival in the United States, will give additional interest to the 'Cuban Amazon', written by Virginia Lyndall Dunbar. The book is essentially a biography of Senorita Cisneros; but the main purpose of the author is to rouse sympathy for the Cuban insurgents. The cruelty with which the war is prosecuted, and the condition to which Spanish rule has brought the unhappy island, are depicted with earnest zeal.

There are, however, throughout the book, many features of style and diction, that suggest a novel, melodramatic in the extreme, rather than a biography or a section of history. It is quite impossible to reconcile these various forms of composition in one narrative. Melodrama is but a step from farce, and destroys confidence in the truthfulness of any story as well as in the fairness of the writer. On the other hand, fidelity to the facts of the biography and to the purpose of the book, forces upon the author of 'A Cuban Amazon' experiences in the life of the heroine which are not permitted in artistic fiction. A much better presentation of the wrongs of Cuba would have been made, and the active sympathy of the readers of the book more effectively roused, had the author eliminated entirely from her design the arts and the diction of those turgid, sensational novels which are nowadays all too common. (Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Company.)

The sixth volume of the 'Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law', edited by the faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, is the 'History of Proprietary Government in Pennsylvania', by William R. Shepherd. It is the most thorough treatment of the subject yet written. The introduction treats of the nature of the English royal charter, which, as is shown, consisted of three parts—the first stating the name and title of the grantee and describing the thing granted; the second giving the reason for the grant, and the third defining the estate granted. The charter of Pennsylvania, originally drafted by Penn himself, was modeled after that of Maryland, granted to Lord Baltimore. The history of the Land System, general practice of the Land Office, incidental proprietary rigors, and the like, are fully treated in the opening chapters. The chapter on Indian affairs is very interesting. Penn's humane treatment of the Indians is known to every schoolboy. But it was not long after the settlement became permanent until the white traders took advantage in various ways of their less civilized neighbors. To guard against these abuses and to promote a continuance of the friendship Penn had established, a law was passed in 1715 providing that persons who had injured a peaceable Indian should be subject to the same penalties as if the injury had been committed against a white man. The boundary disputes between Pennsylvania and other colonies are exhaustively treated. The chief cause of these disputes, which were at times very bitter, was the very inaccurate geographical knowledge of North America and the indefinite statements of the charters arising therefrom. The phrase "up to that part of Delaware Bay that lieth under the fortieth degree" found in the Maryland charter, and "unto the beginning of the fortieth degree" in the Pennsylvania charter, are almost as difficult to decipher as that meaningless expression in the Virginia charter of 1609, "up into the land West and North-west from sea to sea." The most serious trouble Pennsylvania had in fixing her boundaries was with her neighbor to the South. Finally after a long contest between Lord Baltimore and the Penns, with many appeals to the crown, the

line was fixed, and the two surveyors, Mason and Dixon, completed in 1767 the survey of the famous boundary which has since borne their name. The Proprietary government is then taken up and treated with greater fullness perhaps than has been done in any other work. Every student of colonial government in general and of colonial Pennsylvania in particular will welcome this excellent volume. (New York: The Macmillan Co.)

The ninth volume in the series 'Ten Epochs of Church History', published by the Christian Literature Company, New York, deals with the period of the Renaissance, defining that term in such a way as to cover the century and a half from the return of the Popes from Avignon in 1377 to the beginnings of the Reformation in Germany, and the sack of Rome by the Spanish in 1527. The work was begun by Dr. Henry van Dyke but completed by his brother, Paul van Dyke. The thread which the author has followed is the fortunes of the Papacy, but the real interest and the real value of the narrative is its tracing of the element of humanism in the Papacy and in Europe at large, from its early beginnings in the fourteenth century till it had sapped the strength of the authority of the church in the sixteenth. The book contains most interesting sketches of the life, character, and opinions of the men of the new intellectual tendencies; of Petrarch and Boccaccio; of Coluccio Salutati and Pierre d'Ailly; of Jean de Gerson, Nicholas de Clemanges, Bruni, Poggio, and Filelfo, of Erasmus and Hutten, of Groeyn, Colet, and More.

And there are few more interesting and dramatic stories to tell in all history:—the wealthy, cultivated, artistic courts of Italy of which Rome under the Popes is to be looked upon as one, the increasing body of knowledge, the advancing spirit of criticism, the ebbing tide of unquestioning veneration for the church; then the repeated efforts of reformers to purify and rejuvenate the church, with the final rebellion in the outlying lands of the world, to be followed eventually by the long-delayed reform within the bosom of the old church. The author has told this story well. The book probably should not be considered a work of original investigation, yet the analysis of the writings of some of the humanists seems to show familiarity with them at first hand; and the main lines of development, the interdependence of ecclesiastical and political history, and above all the influence of the intellectual movement, are clearly and strongly put, as by a scholar who has a full knowledge of their significance.

'The Bible, Its Meaning and Supremacy' is not the most faultless of Dean Farrar's books. It has his characteristic defects of effusiveness and diffusiveness. There are few evidences of original research or even painstaking effort. Nevertheless, this book stands among the most important Dean Farrar has ever written. He has employed his great gift of popular exposition, his marvellously comprehensive if not profound learning, and his noble optimism to inspire the faithful, panic-stricken by the Higher Criticism, and to reassure them that all is well though faith and form be sundered in the night of fear. He thinks that the Bible has been wounded not by the Higher Critics, but in the house of its too conservative friends. Like the Lambeth Conference of 1897, he points out that the literary interpretation of the Bible is extricating faith from the entanglements of language and tradition, and teaching faith to soar anew. The man who doubts that the Higher Criticism has a sane and pious purpose would do well to

turn for help to Dean Farrar's volume. (New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Most clergymen and many laymen have felt at times the need of a clear, concise, readable, and comprehensive history of preaching. 'The Message and the Messengers' is such a book, and it will be welcomed by readers in all denominations. The Rev. Fleming James, D. D., Professor of Homiletics in the Philadelphia Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered its chapters as a special course of lectures to his students, and has yielded to an earnest and intelligent demand for their publication. He has treated a subject usually counted dry in a vivid and inspiring fashion, so that Christian workers will be helped by the book and clergymen especially aided by a volume that alone gives a compact and accurate history of preaching. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.)

From the early days of the abacus until the present time, the study of arithmetic has occupied a large part of the time devoted to elementary education. Yet no subject of the curriculum has yielded, to the average student, less of permanent value, if we except its simpler applications in business life. "There is no subject taught that is more dangerous to the pupil in the way of deadening his mind and arresting its development, if bad methods are used." And bad methods have almost universally prevailed; to this is probably due the dislike of the subject entertained by many pupils.

Two years ago appeared 'The Psychology of Number', by Professor McLellan and Dewey, which placed on a rational basis the methods to be pursued in the elementary treatment of number. This has now been followed by 'The Public School Arithmetic', by Professors McLellan and A. F. Ames, in which these rational methods, set forth in the former work, are systematically and successfully presented. The special feature of this book consists in its treatment of number as the result of measurement—a treatment which systematically developed embraces the whole of pure arithmetic. The authors have brought out very clearly the proper methods of dealing with the fundamental operations, with fractions, and with the commercial rules. The value of the work lies not so much in the individual methods themselves, as in the systematic way in which the fundamental idea of measurement is kept constantly in view. The definitions are consistent and accurate—a feature not common in elementary texts of arithmetic. There is an excellent collection of well-graded examples. Few of the tricky problems which have done so much to discredit arithmetic are to be found. The book consequently deserves speedily to win a place among recognized text-books.

The authors promise that a primary work on the same lines will appear in a short time. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

In the 'Lincoln Literary Collection', J. P. McCaskey has gathered together nearly six hundred pages of standard selections in verse and prose of British and American authors. He has, it must be said, depended too much upon the reciters' manuals, and his volume consequently has a somewhat old-fashioned air and lacks the freshness and value it might have had if the greater poets of this century had been more fully drawn upon. But the selection made is otherwise meritorious: it is admirably extensive, it is well arranged, and accompanied as it is by a constant reminder to commit to memory, it will do a world of good in the school-room and family circle for which it is designed. (New York: The American Book Co.)

With the Magazines.

The interest in Tennyson which the recent 'Life' has reawakened increases with the extensive reviews in the magazines. Henry van Dyke has a readable article in it in the 'Book Buyer', while a note in the 'Bookman' complains that the 'Life' as it goes on tends more and more to a memoir of the usual gossiping type. This seems a trifle ungracious, when we are allowed so comprehensive a peep into the window. To many the article by V. C. Scott-O'Connor will seem the most attractive in the 'Century'. It is a sympathetic account of the group of friends who gathered around Tennyson in the Freshwater home, and is charmingly illustrated. The 'Century' opens with an account of the Christmas of the very poor by Jacob Riis. Eliza R. Scidmore in an article which has the attraction of novelty treats of the morning-glory of Japan. She pictures it as changed from the common bit of pink and purple known to us into a gorgeous vision of color and fantastic form. If half of what we are told be true, "sunrise garden-parties" may soon arise in lieu of chrysanthemum shows. In 'Harper's' Richard Harding Davis continues his Jubilee description in an article as full of color as the streets through which the great procession passed. Some very interesting letters of George W. Curtis are edited by G. W. Cooke; they show Curtis and his brother with all the opportunities of wealth and culture, lovers both of books and music, seeking the quiet farm life so valuable in many ways. "His whole after career found its incentive and its meaning in those years of unique preparation." In 'Lippincott's' we have a charming sketch of the literary landmarks of old New York by Theodore F. Wolfe. It takes us to Frank's restaurant in Barclay Street, haunt of litterateurs and actors, where might have been seen Poe and Halleck, Irving and Drake. We hear also of a beer cellar, alluringly suggestive of the Cave of Harmony, which was the nightly resort of the brightest of the Bohemians—Aldrich, Winter, Whitman, and "Artemus Ward", with the occasional presence of Stedman and Bayard Taylor. 'Scribner's' contains two of the most notable poems of the month, Kipling's 'Feet of the Young Men', a spirited rendering of the mysterious call of the wilderness, and James Whitecomb Riley's lines on an unpublished portrait of R. L. Stevenson.

The distinctively holiday numbers are rich in short stories, but 'MacClure's' has decidedly the plum of the Christmas pie, Rudyard Kipling's 'The Tomb of his Ancestors', a plain tale from the hills, with a flavor of the jungle, divided by the sharp line between the East and the West. It does strike one that an inordinate amount of inherited and acquired tact is used up in achieving the vaccination of a hill-tribe, but perhaps no purely occidental mind can comprehend the magnitude of this task.

The 'Forum' is an excellent number this month. Professor Hunt, of Princeton, holds high the mission of literature, which he considers to be the "conception and expression of truth for truth's sake, if so be the thought and life of a man may be perfected and enlarged." Gustav Kobbé writes most enthusiastically of the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, whom he considers the greatest figure in German literature, perhaps in all literature, to-day; the one living poet who is also a born writer of plays. Whether time sustains this verdict or not, it is good to hear that he offers us drama, not physic—poetry, not pathology, and that he can and does draw pure, loving girls and faithful wives. The discussion of the Hawaiian question receives a most valuable contribution from the pen of James Bryce, who contends that our real

strength lies in our territorial invulnerability and that island possessions are practically hostages to any stronger naval power, holding, moreover, that American institutions are quite unsuited to the government of dependencies. He therefore implores the United States not to yield to the earth-hunger which has been raging in Europe. The Hon. Daniel Agnew argues that the Hawaiian treaty is unconstitutional and that annexation cannot be justified by precedent. He claims that it will endanger the Monroe Doctrine and result in treaty confusion. In the 'Arena' the same subject is treated from the Japanese point of view by Keijiro Nakamura, who maintains that Japan could not overlook the annexation of Hawaii; she is bound to protect her treaty rights and such a change of policy on the part of the United States would leave her flanked by aggressive nations. Moreover, in view of our anti-Mongolian prejudice, her people would practically lose their right to become citizens of Hawaii. On the other hand, Arthur Curtis James, in the 'North American Review', urges the advantage of Hawaiian annexation. He praises the beauty and fertility of the islands and refers to the Japanese element having become arrogant and assertive since the Chinese war. The number also contains 'The Psychology of Golf', by Dr. Louis Robinson, which may commend itself to those "golf widows" of whom we have had such doleful accounts. W. H. Rideing describes sympathetically the country which surrounded Tennyson in the Isle of Wight.

In the 'Atlantic' Paul Leicester Ford hopes there will be no lack of an American fiction when the best of our imagination turns from the practical to the ideal. T. W. Higginson discourses in a pleasantly scrappy way of literary London as he knew it twenty years ago. He delivers himself of criticisms which will hardly pass unchallenged, as for instance that Matthew Arnold is a keen but by no means judicial critic and in no proper sense a poet. He closes with a delicious extract from a local paper, which, in describing Mr. Higginson's trip, said that he had been most kindly received by 'servants and rascals', which proved to have been merely felicitious misprint for 'savants and radicals'. The subject of "English as she is printed" attracts some attention. A review of Jacobi's 'Gesta Typographica' in the 'Academy' furnishes many precious instances of the printer's gambols. One version "Bring me my togs" for "Bring me my toga" is suspiciously apt, but imagine the feelings of the editor, who, having described a well-known soldier as a "battle-scarred veteran" found it printed "battle-scarred", nor were matters mended when his apology was found to read that he meant "bottle-scarred"! 'Macmillan's' also contributes humors of the composing room, one of the rarest of which reported in the speech of a popular politician, "Them asses believed him". Alas, that an improperly spaced "m" should work such havoc!

'Longman's' has a scientific explanation of the ever-interesting Jekyll and Hyde phenomenon by Dr. Andrew Wilson, who shows that in cases of dual personality the controlling brain, normally the left, weakens, and the less perfect half dominates the life, when there is a switching-off of the governing powers and a freedom given to the lower nature to run riot. 'Cornhill' contains a most readable article on John Wilkes by W. B. Duffield, who claims for that worthy the good fortune of having established three of the most cherished rights of the subject—freedom from arbitrary arrest, the right to publish parliamentary debates, and the right of electors to choose their representatives without dictation. Then we have an unpublished letter from Leigh Hunt to Mrs. Browning on the subject of 'Aurora Leigh'. It abounds in such sentiments as "Wordsworth, veritable poet as he

is, is barren and prosaic by the side of the ever exuberant poetry of this book" or "The name" (Aurora Leigh) "sounds to me like the blowing of the air of a great, golden dawn upon a lily". These enthusiasms might be added to the budget of optimistic criticisms compiled by James Hooper for the 'Gentleman's Magazine', where Southey's dictum is quoted to the effect that Maria del Occidente, who wrote a long-forgotten work, 'Zophiel' "was the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses."

In the 'Contemporary Review' the American side of the sealing question is presented with great fairness. Sir Walter Besant writes enthusiastically of the social work of the Salvation Army in its Farm and City colonies. He considers the undertaking no longer an experiment but an achievement. The versatile Andrew Lang is not so happy in controverting Grant Allen's 'Evolution of the Idea of God', as he is in telling in 'Blackwood's' of the career of one Ker of Kersland, a most unique rogue, who was a Cameronian leader in a Jacobite plot and a spy and informer to boot. 'Blackwood's' has also a story, a hardly attempt to import the Undine motif into modern life. Sir Henry Craik and Professor Saintsbury have a brisk sparring match in its pages as to the merits of the 'Bride of Lammermoor'.

In the 'Fortnightly' Novell Smith questions the permanence of William Morris' Poetry. He considers that Morris does not possess the "native wood-note" that can make a poet of no very high imaginative gifts immortal, that his poetry has no back-bone, and that in short he was his own just if modest critic when he called himself "the idle singer of an empty day." William Archer makes another attempt to identify the ever-elusive Young Man and Dark Lady of Shakspeare's sonnets. Pierre de Coubertin gives a French view of the British Empire, which is not exactly that of the Jubilee writers, though he willingly concedes that "in one way or another, the triumph of Anglo-Saxon civilization is secure"; but he questions whether America or England will take precedence.

Francis de Pressencé in the 'Nineteenth Century' also discusses British Imperialism, in relation to the Dual and the Triple Alliance. To his mind it is plain that England would consult her own interests and those of Europe and civilization itself by joining the Franco-Russian alliance or at least by establishing with it a *modus vivendi*. He regards the Anglo-French *entente cordiale* as trembling in the balance, the West African difference as therefore highly important, and finishes by praying that Lord Salisbury may have "a mind broad enough and a grip strong enough to dare to defy and to checkmate the profligate Imperialism of his Colonial Secretary." Herbert Paul inveighs against the present system of literature made easy, his objective point being Professor Murray's 'Short History of Greek Literature.' He complains bitterly that little books about big books are the most popular of all and this one he declares to be the type of the New Learning, "within the reach of everybody and out of nobody's depth."

Articles on frontier and colonial policy are frequent in the English magazines. Equally extensive are the reviews of Mrs. Oliphant's last book in the 'Westminster', 'Chambers', 'Longman's', and 'Maga' itself. 'Blackwood's', we are told, was started as a war-chariot designed to carry desolation into the camp of Whiggery and cockney poetry. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that either side had the monopoly of modesty or ferocity. Those were the brave days of old, days of savage attack and defence, when often those dealing the fiercest blows were the most sensitive to criticism. The publisher, unhappy man, became "painfully familiar with threats of lawsuit and the process of plastering wounded feelings with bank notes".

Notes and Announcements.

The annual meeting of the American Society of University Extension was held in the Young Men's Christian Association lecture room on December 9th. Mr. Charles I. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania presided. The annual report of the Directors of the Society was read, and the following gentlemen were elected as a board of directors for the ensuing year: Charles A. Brinley, M. G. Brumbaugh, Charles E. Bushnell, John H. Converse, Walter C. Douglas, Theodore N. Ely, Charles C. Harrison, William H. Ingham, John S. MacIntosh, Frederick B. Miles, Henry S. Pancoast, J. G. Rosengarten, Justus C. Strawbridge, Stuart Wood, Charlemagne Tower, Jr.

On the adjournment of the meeting Dr. Leipziger, director of the Free Lectures to the People of the New York Board of Education addressed the members of the Society to describe and advocate his work.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

In this annual report of the Board of Directors of your Society it is fitting that you should be reminded of the peculiar and valuable functions of your organization, and of certain reasons why a separate body either as an independent Society or as a department of a university, should undertake university extension teaching.

Our task is to supplement the educational effect of the public schools, public libraries, the press, and miscellaneous reading, by really instructive lecture courses, specified reading, and counsel with the lecturers, and we submit that of all methods for assisting the education of persons unable to secure college training or to give themselves to long continued and close study the methods used by your Society are the most thorough and the most stimulating.

The difficulties of inducing any large number of people to attend, partly at their own cost, courses of lectures which are distinctly educational are very great. Much judgment is necessary in selecting lecturers, who must be chosen with a single eye to their fitness for the particular work they have to do. There must be constant correspondence between local committees and the central office. Every detail as to times, places, topics, advertising, and many other matters, has to be scrupulously looked after. So much tact, patience, and enthusiasm are required that only undivided allegiance meets with much success. Under these circumstances we believe that a separate body, either as an independent society, or as a distinct department of a university, can, other things being equal, accomplish more than a university which adds extension work to the more regular activities of its faculty.

It has been the experience of those managing your Society that men who give their entire time to University Extension work are, granting equal scholarship and facility in speaking to an audience, decidedly more successful than those who lecture only occasionally. Your directors have therefore taken much pains to discover and attach to the Society competent men who find a chosen vocation in University Extension lecturing. There are four such men on the staff for this winter.

Dr. Frederick H. Sykes has six engagements for his course on 'Victorian Poets'. He is also editing the Society's publication, 'The Citizen', which, we believe, is adding, wherever it goes, to the respect in which University Extension is held. We have many assurances that 'The Citizen' is taking an important position

among the best periodicals in the country. Dr. Sykes has organized students' associations in connection with all his courses, and the students regularly turn in to him reports of their reading. The Society has supplied the demand for books by offering cheap editions to the centres.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will begin his work in January. He has already ten engagements, each for six lectures. He will have one new course on 'The History of Paris.'

Mr. Surette in music has engagements for eleven courses or sixty-six lectures.

Mr. Clyde B. Furst, who joined the staff this year, is lecturing successfully in Western Pennsylvania, on 'The Greater English Novelists.' In all centres he has students' associations with which he meets in the afternoon, as well as class discussions after the lectures. Mr. Furst is giving six courses, or thirty-six lectures. In Pittsburgh his audiences average over 350 people. The Carnegie Library provides the books. This centre, besides having three full courses this winter, has arranged for two additional lectures, one by Professor Woodrow Wilson, one by Dr. Gonsaulus. The reports about Mr. Furst from the West are most gratifying.

We are assured that we shall be able to add W. Hudson Shaw to our staff for next winter and we have invited him to come.

We desire very much to secure a good lecturer in history. Six hundred dollars devoted to this purpose would warrant us in doing so.

Besides your own lecturers ten lecturers connected with nearby universities are in the field for us this season.

We wish to call attention to the formation this autumn, by their own initiative, of a state federation of the New Jersey Centres, and to report that a similar union is contemplated in Western Pennsylvania. Your Directors have desired to meet and have met as far as the resources of the Society permitted a demand for lectures in parts of the town where it is almost impossible for the people to pay more than a nominal fee. Two courses have been given this winter in Kensington, one to the Kensington Centre, to an average audience of 367, the fee for the course being 25 cents, and one, which was free, at the Light-house. Two free courses have been given to Hebrews in the lower part of this city and one to the colored people in Bainbridge street, with a fee of 25 cents for the course.

Your Directors would remind you that all the activities of your Society are carried on at a cost to its supporters of about \$8000 a year. Two-thirds of this amount is provided for by a guarantee fund, the rest is from membership fees or is contributed from time to time. The expenditure by you of \$8000 induces the public to spend directly for education five times that amount, and indirectly much more. The effect of any additional sums which may be placed at the disposal of the management will be much greater in proportion than that of the \$8000 now spent. Already we carry our instruction to many places where it elevates and brightens the life of whole communities. As a body unsupported by public grants, without endowment, without real estate or buildings, you are giving annually in eighty centres six or more good lectures to about 17,000 people. This means an attendance of about 100,000 a year, one-fifth of the attendance upon the free lectures given in New York by the Board of Education, with the aid of public funds. In conclusion we would call your attention to the fact that the term of the guarantee in the case of many subscriptions expires January 1, 1899, and that a strong interest on the part of the members in the work of the Society, and a liberal

support from those who are able to assist it with money are essential to its continued usefulness.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1897.

At a meeting of the Directors of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, held on December 15, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Charles A. Brinley; Treasurer, Mr. Frederick B. Miles; Secretary, Mr. John Nolen.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc of Oxford will deliver in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, a university extension course of six illustrated lectures on the Crusades, beginning Monday, January 10, 4.30 p. m., and continuing weekly. The subjects are: (i) 'Awakening of Europe', (ii) 'Battle-grounds of the Crusades', (iii) 'First Crusade. The Conquest', (iv) Second Crusade. The Defence, (v) 'Third Crusade. Richard Cœur de Lion', (vi) 'Effect of the Crusades'.

Mr. Belloc comes to America on the completion of his autumn courses in England, where he has delivered courses of lectures at Oxford, Redditch, Rochdale, Bradford, Alderley Edge, Moston, Stratford-on-Avon, Welsh-pod, Wells, and Clevedon.

A university extension course of six lectures on 'Representative Novelists and Short Story Writers' (Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Poe, Stevenson, Kipling) will be delivered in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, by Professor Bliss Perry, of Princeton University, on Monday afternoons beginning February 21st, and continuing at weekly intervals.

The American Society of University Extension has just issued various syllabi of lectures in the winter courses. Mr. Hilaire Belloc treats Paris under the heads: Origins, the Paris of St. Louis, the Paris of the English Wars, the Paris of the XVII century, the Paris of the Revolution, the Siege, Commune, and Modern Paris. Dr. Henry E. Shepherd outlines under the title 'French History and Literature' four lectures dealing with France until the Hundred Years' War, the Huguenot Movement till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, France and England from the War of the Spanish Succession till the Seven Years' War, the movements of English and French literature in the XVIII and XIX centuries, and the political struggles of the same period. Professor Bliss Perry has prepared an excellent syllabus of the lectures on 'Representative Novelists and Short-Story Writers' referred to above.

Mr. J. Eugene Whitney, of the extension department of Rochester University has been working to establish the extension system of instruction in New York City. The field would seem to be already in part occupied by the public lecture system of the board of education of that city, but the cooperation of other agencies will be welcomed where the ground is so extensive as New York.

The West Philadelphia Centre announces a winter course of six lectures on 'The Greek Drama', to be delivered on alternate Mondays by Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph. D., of Rutgers College. The programme includes lectures on 'The Greek Theatre, Actors, and Acting', Jan. 3; 'The Rise of the Drama', Jan. 17; 'Æschylus', Jan. 31; 'Sophocles', Feb. 14; 'Euripides', Feb. 28; and 'Aristophanes and Greek Comedy', March 14. On the alternate Mondays students' meetings will be held. Dr. Bevier has delivered several courses of extension lectures, being especially well known in this city by the series on 'Greek Literature', at the Summer School in 1895, and that on 'Six American Poets', before the West Philadelphia Centre during the last winter. The success of the former will commend the course announced for this winter. The lectures will be delivered in the lecture hall of the New Tabernacle Church, Chestnut street, above Fortieth, at eight p. m.

THE NEW JERSEY CENTRES OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

A meeting of the secretaries of the New Jersey local centres was held at Camden, December 4, in accordance with the resolution adopted at the first annual conference of New Jersey centres held on September 23rd. Considerable time was devoted to an informal discussion of those problems which are ever present to the local secretary upon whom fall most of the burdens of extension work in out-of-town centres. It was decided to hold a general meeting at Moorestown, one of the oldest centres in the State, May 7th at 2.30 p. m. The order of conference includes addresses by prominent men connected with the General Society in Philadelphia as well as by various members of the New Jersey centres. The committee appointed to perfect the details are Miss Wilson of Moorestown, Miss Meecum of Salem, Miss E. C. Reeve of Camden, and Mr. John S. Bioren of Riverton. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Bioren at 136 So. Third street, Philadelphia.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION TEACHING IN LONDON.

From the report of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, it may be gathered that the movement is proving a success. During the past year the number of courses of lectures delivered has exceeded those of any previous session, and continuity of study has become a prominent feature in those persons attending the lectures. Pioneer courses of lectures amongst artisans have been attended by about 3500 individuals; at the same time the value of the work done by long established centres has been completely maintained. During the past five years the number of lecture courses has increased from 130 to 160, and the number of entered students from 13,200 to 14,100. The anticipation that artisans could not be interested in higher education has been falsified, for the lectures given in artisan centres have been largely attended, and there is every indication that the scheme for the extension of University Teaching is and will be one of the great refining influences of London.—'The Church Weekly', London.

BALL-BEARING

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DENSMORE TYPEWRITER

The American Society of University Extension Announces the Definite Arrangement of the Following Courses of Lectures:

AUTUMN COURSES, 1897.

CENTRE.	LECTURER.	SUBJECT.	DATES OF LECTURES.
Altoona	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2, 9.
Association Local	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10.
Atlantic City, N. J. . . .	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Nov. 9, 16, 23, 30, Dec. 7, 14.
Bainbridge Street	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Romantic Period	Nov. 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16.
Baltimore, Md.	William Crane	Medieval English Literature	Nov. 18, Dec. 2, 16, 30, Jan. 13, 27, Feb. 10, 24.
Baltimore, Md.	Henry E. Shepherd	French History and Literature	Dec. 7, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, Mar. 1.
Birmingham	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10.
Braddock	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Nov. 23, 30, Dec. 7.
Catonsville, Md.	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Nov. 26, Dec. 11
Chester	Henry W. Elson	Great Republic in its Youth	Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, Dec. 6, 13.
Church of the Covenant, Harrisburg	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Romantic Period	Nov. 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10, 17.
Hebrew Literature Soc'y Indiana	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Sept. 30, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28, Nov. 4.
Indianapolis	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Sept. 26, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24.
Kensington	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8.
Kensington	Robert E. Thompson	American History: Social and Industrial	Oct. 8, 15, 22, 29, Nov. 5, 12.
Light House	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Sept. 30, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28.
Millville, N. J.	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8.
New York	Henry W. Elson	American History	Oct. 21, 28, Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25.
New York	Henry W. Elson	American History	Oct. 22, 29, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26.
New York	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13.
New York	Joseph French Johnson	Present Problems	Nov. 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15.
New York	Joseph French Johnson	Present Problems	Nov. 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16.
Pittsburgh	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13.
Riverton, N. J.	Albert H. Smyth	Shakspeare	Oct. 21, 28, Nov. 4, 11, 18, Dec. 2.
Salem, N. J.	Albert H. Smyth	Shakspeare	Oct. 5, 19, Nov. 2, 16, 30, Dec. 7.
Salisbury, Md.	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Nov. 16, 23, 30, Dec. 7, 14, 21.
Somerville, N. J.	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Nov. 5.
Touro Hall,	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Oct. 28, Nov. 4, 11.
West Chester	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4, 11.
West Park	Albert H. Smyth	Shakspeare	Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13.
Wilmington, Del.	Woodrow Wilson	Great Leaders of Political Thought	Oct. 21, Nov. 4, 18.
Wilmington, Del.	James Harvey Robinson	Some Historical Movements of the Nineteenth Century	Nov. 29, Dec. 6, 13.

32 Courses.

WINTER COURSES, 1898.
CENTRES IN PHILADELPHIA.

Afternoon Lectures	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.
Afternoon Lectures	Bliss Perry	Representative Novelists and Short Story Writers	Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28.
Association Local	Hilaire Belloc	City of Paris	Jan. 11, 18, 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15.
Association Local	John C. VanDyke	Italian Art	Mar. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Apr. 5.
Germantown	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, Feb. 4, 11.
Kensington	Robert E. Thompson	American Literature	Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, Mar. 4, 11.
Peirce School	E. D. Warfield	American History	Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28.
South Philadelphia	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Jan. 3, 17, 31, Feb. 14, 28, Mar. 14.
West Philadelphia	Louis Bevier, Jr.	The Greek Drama	

CENTRES OUT OF PHILADELPHIA.

Altoona	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Feb. 17, 24, Mar. 3, 10, 17, 24.
Atlantic City, N. J.	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, Mar. 1, 8.
Braddock	Hilaire Belloc	The French Revolution	Feb. 22, Mar. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.
Burlington, N. J.	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12.
Camden, N. J.	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.
Harrisburg	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27, Feb. 3, 10.
Harrisburg	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Romantic Period	Mar. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, Apr. 7.
Hazleton	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9.
Moorestown, N. J.	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.
New York	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Romantic Period	Jan. 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16.
New York	Clyde B. Furst	The Greater English Novelists	Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.
New York	Henry W. Elson	Between the Two Wars	Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12.
New York	Henry W. Elson	Between the Two Wars	Mar. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.
New York	Frederick H. Sykes	Victorian Poets	Feb. 24, Mar. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.
Pittsburgh	Hilaire Belloc	The Crusades	Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28.
Pittsburgh	James E. Keeler	Astronomy	Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.
Salem, N. J.	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Classical Period	Jan. 18, Feb. 1, 15, Mar. 1, 15, 29.
Somerville, N. J.	Thomas W. Surette	Great Composers: Romantic Period	Feb. 14, 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14, 21.
Tarrytown, N. Y.	William H. Goodyear	Debt of the XIX Century to Egypt	Jan. 14, 21, 28, Feb. 4, 11, 18.

28 Courses.

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